

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

BISHOP CHARLES GORE is still the most interesting personality in the Church of England. The Dean of St. Paul's makes a good second, but he lacks unexpectedness. We know where he is to-day, and we know that he will be there to-morrow—'exhorting us clergy not to suffer ourselves to become court chaplains to king Demos.' It is by what he says that Dean INGE astonishes us, Bishop GORE by what he is.

It is not with him as with husband and wife, who being twain have become one. He is one who has become twain. He is the most conservative bishop in the Church, and he is the most advanced. One day he clings desperately to a theory of the Ministry which all the scholars around him have abandoned. The next he delivers the Essex Hall Lecture.

The Essex Hall Lecture is a Unitarian foundation. It is delivered in a Unitarian place of worship, to an audience that is at least predominantly Unitarian. And it is applauded by its audience. 'The lecture by Bishop Gore,' says its Unitarian publisher, 'was warmly appreciated by the audience, and it is believed that a wider public will read it with interest.'

Dr. GORE is a traditionist on one subject; he is a revolutionist on all the rest. When he writes an

'Open Letter' for Dr. Headlam to read, he is a member of the most straitest sect of our religion. When he addresses himself to an audience in Essex Hall he declares that 'the method of the established church as we have known it in England seems to me the very antithesis of the method of Christ.'

The subject of the Essex Hall Lecture is *Christianity applied to the Life of Men and of Nations* (Lindsey Press; 2s. net). Dr. GORE believes that Christianity has got out of touch with the life of men and of nations. How has that come to pass? First of all, and chiefly, by the very desire of the Church to keep in touch with nations and with men. When Christianity became the religion of the respectable, hosts of unconverted persons claimed baptism. The Church baptized them, and they remained unconverted still. They were all in the Church now, but the Church they were within was outside Christianity.

Leave the Church out of account for the moment. Dr. GORE leaves it out. He has to do for the moment with Christianity. The men and women whom the Church baptized did not become Christians. For Christianity is a moral force, and the baptism of those men and women did not affect their moral life.

Christianity is a moral force. Bishop GORE speaks of it as a Life, a Way, and a Brotherhood. Now, that the hosts of the baptized were outside Christianity was evident, for they manifested no new life, they walked in no new way, they recognized no new brotherhood. And yet there they were, professing to be Christians. The result was compromise. Let us make the best of it. If we cannot get them to walk in a new way let us adapt Christianity to the way they walk. Let us conceive of it otherwise than as a Life, a Way, and a Brotherhood. And Christianity was made intellectual, authoritative, national.

First it was made intellectual—a matter of belief, not of life. The influence of Hellenic intellectualism hastened the process. 'The church used nobly the philosophy of Greece to enable it to express in intellectual terms the theology which it inherited from St. Paul and St. John—a theology, I believe, which is essentially Christian, grown upon the root of Hebrew prophecy and Christ's own teaching and person, and by no means borrowed from Hellenism. And for this formulation no doubt Greek philosophy supplied an admirable instrument and terminology. But the Hellenic spirit in Christianity became intoxicated by its own intellectualism. The intellectual formulæ of orthodoxy became to it so supremely important an element in religion that the religion itself became intellectualized. It became less and less a life and more and more a philosophy or a system of correct formulas. The dominant claim upon the Christian became the claim of orthodoxy.'

Next Christianity, which at first was called 'the Way,' that is, 'an authoritative direction how men ought to proceed who naturally "love life and would fain see good days," and who would fain escape the perils which beset life and attain "salvation,"' was made a matter of obedience to ecclesiastical authority. The Roman genius for government 'passed from the empire to the church. When Western Christian writers of the fourth and fifth centuries describe the empire as preparing the way

for the church, they think of the church (and that tends to mean the church which acknowledges the sovereignty of Rome) as succeeding to the position of empire.' 'It is true that, within the monastic system, under the inspiration of reforms constantly renewed, beginning with that of the glorious St. Benedict, zeal for the true life was never forgotten. Nor even in the world outside was true Christianity ever out of sight. Nevertheless, on the whole the true "way of life" almost retires into the monasteries, and for men living in the rough world, inasmuch as real conversions are not apparently to be expected, very much that is not Christian is conceded, if only they will remain obedient children of the church. Obedience to ordinances takes the place of the following of the life.'

Besides being Hellenized and Romanized the church was Nationalized. Brotherhood was changed into Patriotism. 'This was a special product of the Reformation. The idea of a visible catholic unity, which kept the religious life of each nation in touch with a larger whole, was perforce weakened or abandoned in those nations which rejected the Roman obedience and were by the Roman authority condemned and excommunicated. For them the formative idea became that of the national church, and nowhere has that been seen in greater force than in our own country.'

And it is plain that to Dr. GORE the Nationalization of the Church is more mischievous than its Hellenization or its Romanization. For 'the whole social system of the country—"the rich man in his castle, the poor man at the gate"—the whole industrial system with all its notorious and grinding injustice, the whole legal and penal system with all its preference for the claims of property to the claims of personality—all was accepted as the national system.' And all that is clean contrary to the mind of Christ. 'How can it be believed that such a method could commend itself to One who dared to go forward with His full moral claim—who dared to proclaim and insist upon the true

life—even though He saw clearly that the nation He loved would not accept it, and were manifestly being made worse by having it so clearly set before them?’

It is then that Bishop GORE says: ‘The method of the established church as we have known it in England seems to me the very antithesis of the method of Christ.’

Is the matter of English style anything to a preacher? Let us look into it some day. But for the moment it is enough to know that another book has been published by a master therein; and, preacher or hearer, there is surely none who will say that its English style is of little account to it.

Sir Arthur QUILLER-COUCH is the author. The book is *On the Art of Reading* (Cambridge University Press; 15s. net). Three of the lectures deal with the Reading of the Bible. And these lectures raise a question.

Is it of any moment what we teach to the children about the Bible so long as we teach the Bible? Sir Arthur QUILLER-COUCH is most insistent that we should teach the Bible. It is to encourage us to teach the Bible to our children and to encourage the Universities to teach the Bible to their students—even by including the Book of Job among the books set for examination—it is for that very purpose that he delivers his lectures. But—and here is the amazing matter—he is not at all concerned to know that what we teach about the Bible is true or false.

‘Nor shall I ask you,’ he says, ‘to sentimentalise overmuch upon the harm done to a child by teaching him that the bloodthirsty jealous Jehovah of the Book of Joshua is as venerable (being one and the same unalterably, “with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning”) as the Father, “the same Lord, whose property is always

to have mercy,” revealed to us in the Gospel, invoked for us at the Eucharist.’

And as if that were in need of fuller exposition—as it is—he proceeds: ‘But over this business of teaching the Book of Joshua to children I am in some doubt. A few years ago an Education Committee, of which I happened to be Chairman, sent ministers of religion about, two by two, to test the religious instruction given in Elementary Schools. Of the two who worked around my immediate neighbourhood, one was a young priest of the Church of England, a medievalist with an ardent passion for ritual; the other a gentle Congregational minister, a mere holy and humble man of heart. They became great friends in the course of these expeditions, and they brought back this report: “It is positively wicked to let these children grow up being taught that there is no difference in value between Joshua and St. Matthew: that the God of the Lord’s Prayer is the same who commanded the massacre of Ai.”’

It seems reasonable. What does Sir Arthur QUILLER-COUCH say? He says: ‘Well, perhaps it is. Seeing how bloodthirsty old men can be in these days, one is tempted to think that they can hardly be caught too young and taught decency, if not mansuetude. But I do not remember, as a child, feeling any horror about it, or any difficulty in reconciling the two concepts. Children are a bit bloodthirsty, and I observe that two volumes of the late Captain Mayne Reid — *The Rifle Rangers* and *The Scalp Hunters*—have just found their way into *The World’s Classics* and are advertised alongside of Ruskin’s *Sesame and Lilies* and the *De Imitatione Christi*. I leave you to think this out; adding but this for a suggestion: that as the Hebrew outgrew his primitive tribal beliefs, so the bettering mind of man casts off the old clouts of primitive doctrine, he being in fact better than his religion.’

And as if that were not perverse and pernicious enough, he proceeds with an example: ‘You have

all heard preachers trying to show that Jacob was a better fellow than Esau somehow. You have all, I hope, rejected every such explanation. Esau was a gentleman: Jacob was not. The mind of a young man meets that wall, and there is no passing it.'

So, the young man who prefers Esau to Jacob, as undoubtedly most young men do, shows thereby that he is better than his religion. For, 'later, the mind of the youth perceives that the writer of Jacob's history has a tribal mind and supposes throughout that for the advancement of his tribe many things are permissible and even admirable which a later and urbaner mind rejects as detestably sharp practice.'

Now in the first place, it is not proper for any teacher under any circumstances to teach any one that which is not true. The manner of the teaching is to be left to the wisdom of the teacher. But the matter is above and beyond compromise. If God is not the God of the Book of Joshua, but of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, it is the God of St. Matthew's Gospel that the child must be taught to know.

And in the second place, it is not the case that the preference of Jacob over Esau—a preference upheld by the New Testament—is due to the historian's interest in the preservation of the tribe. As the child grows into manhood he discovers that he was in error when he preferred Esau to Jacob. For he discovers that with all his natural good qualities Esau was never more than 'a country gentleman.' Place him before Pharaoh. Before Pharaoh Jacob is a great man—the superior of the great Pharaoh himself, and acknowledged by Pharaoh so to be. Esau? Would Pharaoh have considered it worth while giving an audience to Esau? Would he have counted the words which proceeded out of his mouth worth listening to? No doubt Esau might have given him points about the rearing of chariot horses; but Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and Pharaoh went out from his presence a better man.

There are few men who are more anxious for Reunion than the Right Reverend G. H. S. WALPOLE, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. There are few men with whom other men are more anxious to unite. What is the hindrance? What lies between them? Dr. WALPOLE himself seems to see two things—misunderstanding as to the meaning of the Church, and misunderstanding as to the meaning of the Ministry.

Dr. WALPOLE believes that those with whom he would be glad to unite have an inadequate conception both of the Church and of the Ministry, and because of its inadequacy they will not unite with him. He has written a book to prove it—*Prophets and Priests* (Scott; 3s. net). The book is appropriately bound in white, for the author of it is 'blameless and harmless, a son of God without rebuke.'

The BISHOP OF EDINBURGH believes that 'the interesting movements towards Reunion which we have lately seen from Mansfield College and the Anglican Fellowship have taken the wrong road. Beginning with the "minimum of a Church" they have tried to find sufficient agreement to enable them to work towards the fuller conception of the Catholic Church after which all are yearning.' He thinks that 'that is inevitable when a number of the best men of all Churches gather round a common table in mutual fellowship. They naturally desire "to recognize the fact that the several denominations to which they severally belong are equally corporate groups within the One Church, and that the efficacy of their ministrations is verified in the history of the Church," and then having acknowledged this, they hope they have found a fundamental basis towards the realization of the Re-united Church.'

'But this emphasis on "corporate groups," instead of on the One Church, this assertion of the efficacy of separate ministrations rather than of the ministry of the Whole Body, is not only confusing but lays stress on just those features of the

discussion which we ought in the first place to try and forget.' Dr. WALPOLE holds that 'it is better at the start not to think of "the Churches," but of the One Church; nor of "denominations," but of the One Name; to lose sight for the moment of "our Church," and to think of *the Church*.'

At the start. 'At a later stage, when we have agreed more or less as to the essential characteristics of the great Church of God, then we may see how those truths for which we have stood find a place in it. It is a rule in penitence to find an ideal standard—naturally that set by our Lord—and to continue looking at it till we realize our sinfulness. Let us all so learn the guilt of our divisions by fixing our eyes on that Church which Christ loved and for which He gave Himself, That in my belief,' says Dr. WALPOLE, 'is much more likely to lead to real sorrow over our disunion than looking at one another and seeing how we may palliate by specious explanations the destructive schisms that have rent the Body of Christ.'

Dr. WALPOLE does not think that the word Church has a plural. It is true that a plural is used in the New Testament when it is necessary to speak of the various congregations of Christ's people. So John wrote to the seven churches which are in Asia. But, properly speaking, there is but one Church. And the BISHOP OF EDINBURGH would be glad if men would everywhere agree to speak no more of 'the Churches' when they mean Christian bodies that are out of fellowship with one another. Let every Christian body recognize the unity, and in that unity the comprehensiveness of the Church, and then it will find its own place and fulfil its own function in the Body of Christ.

But the greater obstacle to Reunion, in Dr. WALPOLE's belief, is an inadequate conception of the Ministry.

He has been reading Dr. John KELMAN's Yale Lectures on *Preaching*. He is pleased to find a

whole chapter of that book given to 'The Preacher as Priest.' With much of the chapter he is in hearty agreement. But he discovers two deficiencies. Dr. KELMAN does not recognize the priesthood of the whole Church, and he does not believe in the power of the priest to forgive sins.

Dr. KELMAN 'rightly urges that public prayer is a function of the priest in which the minister offers prayer not for himself but for the people.' But how does he offer prayer for the people? By praying, 'not for what he himself desires, or for things that interest himself, but to break the silence of those that find themselves distressed with the silence of their souls.' And that is all well and good. But to the BISHOP OF EDINBURGH it is not enough. Besides being the vocal organ of the particular congregation in the expression of their own wants, the minister should be their mouth-piece in the expression of the needs of the Universal Church. He is not there for himself alone. He is not there only for himself and the congregation. He is there for the sake of the Church of God, leading a great act of worship in which the whole Body of Christ is concerned.

But while Dr. KELMAN merely omits the representative office of the priest, he deliberately denies his power to forgive sin. 'He is emphatic here,' says Dr. WALPOLE. And then he quotes: 'The power of absolution is in our belief one which was never delegated by Christ to any of His ministers, and our hope of salvation is bound up with the assurance that He has retained it for Himself.'

But Dr. WALPOLE declares that he does not believe, and he supposes that no one else believes, that Christ has parted with the privilege of forgiving sins, or that He gives it to any minister apart from the Body. The question is whether He exercises this high office, now through His mystical Body, as then through His earthly Body. 'The priest in absolution,' he holds, 'is not a separate unit endowed with divine prerogative, using the great words the Church gives him, "By His

authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," as though they were his own, but the mouthpiece of the whole Body. All the faithful throughout the world are gathered around him and through him exercising that power which their great Head lodged with them. It is a universal, not an individual absolution that is given to the sinner.' And so it comes to pass that here also 'the representative office of the priest has to be recognized. For the absolution must be conveyed to the person seeking it by one who can in a marked way represent the whole Church for that purpose.'

There is not a more remarkable feature of our time than the respect that is paid to religion. We see it among students of science. Science, as the late Dr. Neville Figgis said in the introduction to his Paddock Lectures, 'has awakened to religion as a human fact. Religion as an integral element in human life is taken for granted. Religious phenomena are studied, classified and analysed; and a mass of formulated knowledge now exists which serves at least to throw light on their origin and early development, beyond anything that would have been held likely fifty years ago.'

We see it quite as clearly among students of philosophy. The Gifford Lectures, delivered nearly always of late years by philosophers, might as appropriately have been delivered by theologians. There is no longer an apology offered for so much religion and so little philosophy. There is scarcely even a sense of transition in passing from the one to the other. It looks as if modern philosophy had either abandoned the search for truth in favour of the search for God, or had discovered, to its own astonishment, that God and truth are one. The labouring man may still avoid the Church, but the learned are already on their way to it. And what learning is doing to-day labour will do to-morrow.

The latest sign, and it is very significant, is the

issue of a small book on religion by Professor Bernard BOSANQUET. Professor BOSANQUET is perhaps the only whole-hearted Hegelian now left to us. He is especially associated in our minds with that theory of the State which Hegel made popular in Germany, and which in some men's judgments was the making of that temper of mind which was the making of the War. He is nearly the last of the philosophers from whom we should have looked for a book on religion. But there it is, with the unblushing title *What Religion is* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net), and with the unqualified assertion that 'religion is the only thing that makes life worth living.'

It is a book which will be read by the student of the New Testament with curiosity. There is in it an unhesitating acceptance of the most familiar New Testament teaching. The 'central knot and need of all religion' is best expressed in the words, 'What must I do to be saved?' And 'there is a traditional phrase intended to sum up the whole point and meaning of religion; and it utters all those characteristics we have insisted on quite simply and plainly. It is the old expression "Justification by Faith." There is even some elaboration of the thesis that faith is not opposed to works, but only to sight.

But at the same time, and occasionally in the same sentence, there is the most astonishing contradiction of the teaching of the New Testament. Every man on earth is credited with religion. 'No man is so poor, I believe, as not to have a religion, though he may not, in every case, have found out where it lies.' And this is all that any man requires—to be shown where his religion lies. Professor BOSANQUET recognizes salvation as the central need of all men. He even discusses the question, 'Salvation from what?' and finds that to say 'from sin' is something like it. But this philosopher is a philosopher still: the one thing that a man needs to be saved from is ignorance, ignorance of the fact that he is really a religious man.

Professor BOSANQUET accepts 'the old expression Justification by Faith.' But justification is discovered to be simply a man's recognition of his own religiousness. And faith is the instrument of the recognition. You have a religion, he says to every man; find out where it lies; you find that out by faith, and when you have found it out you are justified.

newness lies in this, that Christ came into the world to save sinners.

Professor BOSANQUET does not need Christ. He does not recognize Him. The name does not occur in his book.

Clearly, then, the respect that is now paid to religion is good but not altogether good. It is good in that it is a denial of the assertion that man's chief end is to glorify matter. And the first enemy that has to be destroyed is always materialism. It is good also in that it compels us to recognize the value of every answer that has ever been made to the question, What must I do to be saved?

But it is not altogether good. For it suggests sometimes that one answer to that question is just as good as another, and that is a flat and fundamental denial of all that the New Testament stands for.

Now all this is in fundamental opposition to the New Testament. The New Testament agrees with Professor BOSANQUET that true religion is harmony with God. But it asserts emphatically, so emphatically that it is the very reason for its existence as a New Testament, that no man is of himself in harmony with God. The New Testament is the record of God's way of bringing men into harmony. It generally assumes, but sometimes asserts, the disharmony between men and God and its unexceptionable universality. Its

James Iverach.

BY THE REVEREND DONALD MACKENZIE, M.A., TAIN.

THE very fact that Principal Iverach—now in his eighty-first year—is still with us makes it somewhat difficult to try to evaluate his services to the cause of Christian truth and philosophical theology. An old pupil, who is glad to acknowledge the Principal's influence in the clarifying and guiding of his own mental life, feels, however, the task imposed on him by the editor of *THE EXPOSITORY TIMES* to be an act of piety as well as of justice.

James Iverach was born in Caithness in the north of Scotland in 1839, and lived there until in his twentieth year he entered the University of Edinburgh. Caithness is a county of treeless expanses, garrisoned on the west by the Highland hills, and girt on north and east by the inviolate sea. It is a land of cold soil, but of warm soul. The subjectivity and subtlety of the Celtic nature mingle with the solidity and sobriety of the Saxon—Iverach is an anglicized form of Maciver. Few counties in Scotland have given a larger number of noteworthy men to Church and State, and James

Iverach, by nature's endowment and upbringing in the northern county's searching climate, has had Juvenal's prayer for a healthy mind in a healthy body granted to him. Like Saul, the son of Kish, he is head and shoulders above his fellows, massive in proportion to his stature. His old students often felt as if there was a resemblance between body and soul—as if his physique was his psyche objectified, according to the view of Aristotle that a soul is the energy (*entelechy*) of an organized living body. His slow and stately step—the body moving as a whole—reflects his deliberate and safe thinking. He is undoubtedly, as Dr. Chalmers would say, 'a man of wecht' in more senses than one. The grit and braininess so characteristic of many of Caithness' sons are his in a conspicuous degree. His very longevity with its unimpaired vigour has carried him far, and helped him to attain slowly but justly to the high position he occupies.

The religious atmosphere of his youth was that

of the earlier Secessions, and how profound the influence of these warm, free, self-denying traditions were came out clearly in his fine and passionate vindication of religious liberty in his Moderatorial addresses. Again and again in lecturing did he relate from early recollection actions of heroic loyalty to truth and religious convictions, which, while throwing light on the past, clearly revealed the rock from which he was hewn, and the pit whence he was digged. The brightness of his Christian faith, inherited and then made his own, could not be disintegrated by the ever-growing complexities of the Spencerian evolution, nor obscured by the dazzling cloudbanks of Hegelian speculation. The torch was indeed shaken, but the more it shook it shone.

At the University of Edinburgh he fought in worthy emulation among his peers, and gained honours especially in the mathematical and physical sciences. His students know the regard and respect with which he always spoke of Professor Tait—the medal of whose class he gained. To him he ascribed not only his keen and lifelong interest in the natural sciences, but his metaphysical awakening as well. In the Dialectical Society he soon became known as a powerful debater; giving thereby a prophecy of the ability with which later in Aberdeen he championed the cause of Professor Robertson Smith, and the liberties of those engaged in Biblical research.

After the usual course at the New College he was in 1869 ordained to the charge of West Calder, where he closely identified himself with progressive religious work among the miners; and then he came to Aberdeen, and was largely instrumental in forming the now flourishing congregation of Ferryhill, with which he has ever since been connected, and of which he is now the *genius loci*. During his busy pastorate at Ferryhill he found time to study the great thinkers, and to come to terms with the varieties of current speculations and discoveries, until in 1887, by the voice of the Church, he was appointed to the Chair of Apologetics in the Free (now United Free) Church College. Since then he has occupied in turn in the same college the chairs of Dogmatic Theology and of New Testament Exegesis as well, until, as he himself facetiously expressed it at last Assembly, when putting off his professional armour, he was rather a syndicate of professors than a single professor. The object of the present paper, however, is not to

give the details of his outward career—the true history of a thinker is largely the history of his mental development—but to indicate his services to the Christian thought of the age; only we remember how fond he is of quoting the saying of Ulysses, ‘I am a part of all that I have met,’ and we feel how true that is of himself, how he has been moulded and mellowed by the varied activities and agitations in which he has taken a part.

(1) We place first the service he has rendered to the defence of Christian truth. There is a species of apologetic which consists in taking up the different articles of the Christian faith one by one and defending them from objections, which deals with difficulties and doubts either in Scripture or dogma—an apologetic which is a polemic with the enemy in the gate and a harmonistic reconciliation of those within. This is valuable, and can be done with a good deal of *éclat*; but it is not the highest form of apologetic. ‘The decisive battles of Theology are fought beyond its frontiers. It is not over purely religious controversies that the cause of Religion is lost or won. The judgments we shall form upon its special problems are commonly settled by our general mode of looking at the Universe. . . .’—Mr. Balfour. It is here, beyond the frontiers of Theology proper, that Principal Iverach has largely done his work, because he saw that here the real work had to be done. He never wasted time or energy pulling to pieces men of straw, knowing that there were plenty living antagonists. ‘Nothing is more characteristic of a man than the manner in which he behaves towards fools,’ and ‘Bear fools gladly’—Amiel and Solomon; how frequently he quoted these sayings, not in scorn, but as an active principle of charitable behaviour. We remember at the dinner-table in the college his once saying regarding an attempted reconciliation between the first chapter of Genesis and Geology—‘Reasonable religious men are nowadays contented without a reconciliation. The quarrel is not so much with Moses as with Milton and Linnæus.’ ‘There was a time when men earnestly contended for the immutability of species, and thought that important consequences would follow from the denial of it’ (*Christianity and Evolution*, p. 108); but that time is now past; ‘if evolution can tell us anything of the method of creation, and the order in which the different forms of life appeared, then we ought to rejoice in it’ (*op. cit.*, p. 109). Thus he kept

the real problem before us—the true *status questionis*, without falling into the traps of antagonists, or into the false arbours of foolish friends. His method and tone, as well as his clear vision of the real issues involved, were admirable. ‘To criticize a writer of whom you know nothing is now, even in philosophy, considered to be the thing that it is,’ is a saying of the metaphysician Bradley. Whatever dreadful thing that may be, Principal Iverach never had any dealings with it. He never daubed the walls of the city of truth with untempered mortar. His criticisms were fair, adequate, and informed. He never vilified an opponent, but was anxious to recognize his merits. We can recall periods and passages in his lectures when he made us reverence Herbert Spencer. That he had a sincere admiration for the great scientist one felt at once, only, like Spencer’s own falling in love, there was always a *sine qua non* which was not fulfilled. The passion of the scientist for verification, which is the real value of Agnosticism, his scorn of consequences, his sense of truth, his aim to co-ordinate all knowledge—these (how often he insisted on it) were essential; but while ‘Plato was dear to him, dearer still was truth.’ How often have we found students of philosophy, as they listened to a constant stream of criticism on Mill or Kant, with never a recognition of merit, wondering why men so universally guilty of fallacies should have a place in philosophy at all! The result is that in many cases students come away with the idea that philosophy is just the ability to find fault with men like these, reminding one of Bain’s saying that the Gifford lecturers should pray God for a David Hume in every generation to give them something to do.

But Principal Iverach never had any quarrel with science nor with scientists, but the reverse. His quarrel was with the ‘strange liaison’ between it and Naturalism and Agnosticism, a liaison which, in the interests of science no less than in the interests of theology, he did his best to destroy. ‘Science,’ says Professor Arthur Thomson, ‘often goes beyond its own sphere, and becomes associated with philosophical doctrines which are unessential to it, and which may conflict with religious convictions. Thus, to take a familiar instance, materialism is not a scientific conclusion, but a philosophical doctrine, which many students of science have embraced. And materialism is inconsistent with most forms of religious belief and experience. The point that we wish to make is

that the antagonism in this case is not between religion and science, but between religion and a particular philosophy’ (*Introduction to Science*, p. 213). If this is now the attitude of science, and we sincerely hope it is, then Principal Iverach has done his share in bringing it about, and on the other hand his old students will remember how often he spoke of those old notions—once accepted by the scientific and the non-scientific—which were so long saddled on religion that to many they seemed an integral part of it. True science had to fight in removing these amidst a cry like that of the Levite in the Book of Judges, ‘Ye have taken away my gods,’ while others, like Rachel, carefully guard them under their skirts. If science has learned to throw away obsolete attitudes, so religion has to rid herself of alien increments.

Let the scientific method have free course then, for ‘every experiment assumes that we are in a rational universe, the working of which corresponds to the working of an intelligence in ourselves. If the laws of nature work out intelligent and rational results, then reason is at work in them.’ If that reason works by ways different from what we at first thought—if species do not arise through special acts of creation, if evolution can even bridge the gaps between the inorganic and the organic, between non-rational and self-conscious life, then we but know how things happened, and our conception of the Divine grows through our better knowledge of His working. Let the scientist refrain from attempting to reduce all reality to matter and motion. Nature is bigger than mechanics, and life is more than physics; it is autonomous, and mechanical formulæ do not exhaust its truth. Conscious life is purposive, and biological laws are inadequate to its explanation. A living organism is the meeting-place—the focus of many sciences—the lower and simpler, however, in the control of the higher, and thus man is the explanation of them all, as truly as he is their explainer. With the appearance of man—the heir of hopes too fair to turn out false—the seal so far is put on life . . . ‘one stage of being complete, one scheme wound up; and from the grand result a supplementary reflux of light illustrates all the inferior grades, explains each back step in the circle.’ He had no sympathy with what Clark Maxwell called ‘idea-tight compartments,’ either in science or philosophy or religion. He believed in reason and rationality, and thus he refused to be

satisfied with Ritschlianism in theology because it makes light of history and tries to ignore science. In an age when so many of our theologians thought of generating values from impressions, without considering much the soil where alone impressions and values can flourish, when there was a tendency to embrace 'faith' and let 'fact' go, he refused to give way to misology.

It was his trust in reason that made him oppose the Agnosticism of Spencer, and the non-rational 'Authoritativism' of Balfour and Benjamin Kidd. Looking over our old notes of his lectures we find a quotation from his favourite Butler, which Pringle Pattison also has in his Gifford Lectures. 'I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason, which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself,' and a reference to the same effect from the judicious Hooker. We regard Mr. Balfour as one of our foremost apologists, whose works show a gradual purging out of language that, to begin with, rightly exposed him to the charge of favouring irrationality and blind authority. To tell us that religion is no worse off than science in the matter of proof is no consolation, and leaves a conflict in the very centre of our being, and, as Pringle Pattison has shown, exposes us—as has happened in France—to the tender mercies of clericalism or obscurantism. Reasonable men will not be contented with either the hothouse of a misological Ritschlianism or the gorgeous cathedral of Irrational Authority—nor will they rest satisfied with the Agnostic Something called God, because, to use the irreverent words of Bradley, 'we know not what the devil it is.' They want the open air, heaven and earth, history and life, and a God in touch with man, and while infinitely above man yet revealing Himself in a way man can understand. I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also.

Principal Iverach was always on the alert for new knowledge. We remember how interested he was in the new discoveries regarding the constitution of matter, how Driesch's Lectures (Gifford) on the entelechy of the organism occupied his mind; but he deprecated new theories promulgated as revelations, while in reality, with a little more knowledge of history, their authors might have discovered them among exploded fictions. When the New Theology was in vogue his criticism was, 'There were great men before Agamemnon,' and 'pan-

theism is the earliest and easiest solution of the problem of the universe, but it is barred out by "conscience."' He warned us that much of the future apologetic would have the field of psychology as its sphere, and to familiarize ourselves with that department. His own articles in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* on psychological topics are of great value. Attempts to solve the difficulties of conscious life by appealing to the sub-conscious he regarded not as a solution but as an illustration of the fallacy *ignotum per ignotius*—perhaps the mystical element in our nature, however, is apt to be neglected by thinkers, and the studies in the sub-conscious realm may help to enrich psychology. Be that as it may, these attempts at explaining personality hitherto have partaken too much of the spirit of 'those systems shot out of a pistol,' of which the great Idealist complained. That the shots are fired in the dark do not make them any more illuminative. His sympathies were rather with those who made use of the standards of values in life—Kant, Lotze, Ritschl in certain of his views; but these values are not private concerns—they make up the contents of man's true life, and the inspirations of his actions, and therefore 'the proper study of mankind is man.'

(2) Perhaps his greatest positive contribution to the thought of the age is his insistence on personality as the highest category we know. How often has the charge of anthropomorphism been brought against theology from the days of Xenophanes down to our own time! Principal Iverach never evaded the charge. We remember his telling the retort of a brother professor who, hearing some one using the phrase, 'humanly speaking,' replied, 'How else can any one speak?' Science is as anthropomorphic as philosophy or theology, for 'man never knows how anthropomorphic he is.' The only question worth considering is to be sure of the true *ἄνθρωπος*; and he deplored those attempts at explanation in any human sphere which worked with 'aspects' of personality as their highest terms. 'It is curious to find that we may read almost all the treatises which have ever been written on psychology, on political economy, on the other sciences which have man for their subject, and yet not find any reason to apprehend that there is such a thing as personality in the universe. Impersonal elements we shall find in abundance, innumerable discussions about consciousness, about faith and reason, about subject and object, about

knowledge relative and absolute, but hardly ever any recognition of the fact that all these are meaningless, unless they are referred to a self-conscious intelligence which is personal.' With this depersonalizing method almost anything can be done. It is possible to evaporate *Napoléon Buonaparte* into a solar myth as *Whately* has shown, to account for the origins of religions and religion out of impersonalities. Thus we get the 'pedagogical babies' and 'economic men' which no teacher in an elementary school, to say nothing of a mother, ever saw, and no statesman ever met. No doubt special sciences must abstract in order to define their respective spheres; but these abstractions are entities of the reason, and each science must correct its limitations by reference to reality, and especially any science dealing with man must keep constant reference to personalities in the concrete.

The sciences themselves have personal origins. *Minerva* always springs from the head of some *Zeus*. To try and explain man or a world with men in it by falling back into the impersonal is a *κατάβασις εἰς ἄλλογένοσ*, as *Aristotle* would say; it is like the attempt of the Indian sage to suppose the world supported by an elephant, and the elephant by a tortoise, and the tortoise by nothing. Sciences are attempts to understand Reality, and to understand it from particular points of view. They do their work well in these spheres, but it is unscientific to use a category applicable in one sphere for the whole of being, and it is unphilosophical to forget that there are other points of view having their own proper rights. That is why, as a matter of course, the scientific man in dealing with man forgets such a fact as freedom. It annoys him, it brings him face to face with an 'independent variable,' and his only method in the interests of self-preservation is to ignore it (see *W. R. Boyce Gibson* in *Personal Idealism*). That is why, when he deals with God, he is like *Pompey* entering the Holy of Holies. He expects to find the gorgeous imagery of Roman ritual, and finds nothing—*vacuum sedem inania arcana*. We consider the best work *Principal Iverach* has done to be his criticism of this depersonalizing tendency. He has done it not only in the sphere of natural science, but in comparative religion, in psychology (see especially his article 'Attention' in the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*), and in philosophy. For this is the gravamen of his

criticism of Hegelianism—that he finds here also this 'hypostatizing of abstractions.' 'Self-consciousness is their highest category. Where Mr. Spencer postulates a sensorium, they postulate a self. When Mr. Spencer cannot find a sensorium he candidly says so, and lets his system take the consequences. He has not the fertility of resource which our Hegelian friends have. And he has not yet been able to see how a thing can be and not be at the same time. Of course such amazing fluidity of language is a great help in exposition, and due advantage is taken of it by those who study philosophy under the auspices of Hegel. A universal self is their grand panacea for the surmounting of difficulties and for the reconciling of contradictions. Where shall we find then a universal self to correspond to the hypothetical unity of the social organism? . . . It is somewhere in the air, ready to settle down on any individual self-consciousness able to receive it. When we ask them to be more definite, they complain sadly of the lamentable ignorance which prompted to ask such a question. . . . For it appears that "there exists no such thing as individual self-consciousness."'

It is just because he valued the work of the great idealists so much that the language is so severe; but when one recalls the cant of some philosophical students—their parrot-like repetition of phrases like 'self-consciousness,' 'social organism,' 'social whole,' one knows how true the criticism is. The many counter-movements in philosophy, the recognition of the will and emotions—he told us so often that the greatest task of psychology at present remained to be done in the spheres of the emotions and the conscience—are indications that modern Gnosticism, which for ever works with 'self-consciousness,' needs saving from the fate of one *Ixion*, who embraced a cloud thinking he had the Queen of heaven. Philosophy has nothing to fear from science. With its Agnosticism, which is simply the courage to say, 'I do not know,' it has much sympathy, but by those who seem to make Omniscience their foible it has been wounded in the house of its friends. The task is to find the true *ἀνθρωπος*—for Man is—

the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere
Of life; whose attributes had here and there
Been scattered o'er the visible world before,
Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant
To be united in some wondrous whole;

Imperfect qualities throughout creation
Suggesting some one creature yet to make,
Some point where all those scattered rays should meet
Convergent in the faculties of man.

Personality is the highest category we know; for him all ordinances and institutions exist. We always associate the text, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' with Principal Iverach; how he enlarged its application—the sciences, the state all for man, and the test of all is the kind of man they can help to produce. From this point he led us on to the more distinctively Christian position: 'Without Christ there is something grotesque in man.' The first Adam needs the second to explain him. Here is the true *ἄνθρωπος*. True anthropomorphism is true Christomorphism. It is not by going down into the impersonal that man is explained. Tarzan cannot be explained by the ape that nourished him. Nor can man be explained by his own past experience. 'I am a part of all that I have met.' True;

yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

He is a creature of ideals—to himself an enigma until he gets the vision of the Perfect Man, and then he has the vision of God.

'To all that science teaches us, to all that history proclaims, to all that philosophy can teach us, we add the further light which revelation brings, and in that light all falls into harmonious unity. For in Christ "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge," Christ "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation; for in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through Him; and He is before all things, and in Him all things consist."' Thus he brought us into the inner shrine with calmed and sobered minds, and while he was not infected, as Rabbi Duncan was, with the 'lust of linguistic,' he brought out of God's treasury things old and new, and helped us to see life steadily and see it whole in the light of Him who claimed to be the Light of men, and who promised to His followers that 'they should not walk in darkness, but have the light of life.'

Literature.

BISHOP MOORHOUSE.

'I AM a most sceptical person, not given to imagining things; but I *know* from my own experience that direct communion of the soul with God is possible. How do I know? I have felt it. I know through Jesus Christ and my own consciousness. This is a fact as real to me and of far greater importance and more wonderful than anything that has happened to me in the whole course of my life. But I have never spoken of it before, and I do not wish it to be published during my lifetime.'

That is the end of the story of a remarkable experience which Bishop Moorhouse had in early manhood. He was much troubled with doubts and difficulties. 'One night I remember praying most earnestly for light and guidance, for some sign of God's presence with me to encourage me and to guide me in my chosen path. I used some prayers in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying,"

for those in doubt and difficulty. I awoke during that night filled with the most marvellous happiness, in such a state of exultation that I felt as though a barrier had fallen, as though a door had suddenly been opened, and a flood of golden light poured in upon me, transfiguring me completely. I have never felt anything in the least like it.'

The biography of *Bishop Moorhouse of Melbourne and Manchester* has been written by Edith C. Rickards (Murray; 14s. net). It is the biography of a man not at all likely to see visions or dream dreams, a clear-sighted active-minded man, with a fine sense of humour and an incurable reticence. This experience, and another like it which is recorded also, are the more striking that they are, and that he felt them to be, quite outside his normal self. But in the end of his life he did become a dreamer of dreams. Says the biographer: 'During the last few years the Bishop had the most vivid dreams, in which he often made up sermons and addresses on subjects he had never

consciously thought out before on the same lines, but which he said were far better than anything he could do in his waking hours. The subject of one of these sermons was "The Kingdom of God is within you." Another was, "The Communion of the Soul with God." He described his sensations thus:

"In these dreams my thoughts seem to come tearing up as out of a great well in the innermost depths of my being, clothed in choice language, each word expressing my meaning in a far higher sense than usual; my hearers, too, seem equally uplifted with me into a more spiritual atmosphere. It is strange that when my physical strength has failed so much that my brain should be so clear and active, and go on working, as it were, in spite of myself. It comes from somewhere very deep down in me. I feel it is all true. One cannot understand the working of the sub-conscious mind; but there is a passage in a book by Winston Churchill, 'The Inside of the Cup,' which I have lately read, which exactly describes my feelings. He says there, 'There is a theory that we have a conscious or lower self, and a sub-conscious or better self. This sub-conscious self stretches down as it were into the depths of the universe and taps the source of spiritual power.' That is just my experience. One feels lifted up far beyond one's ordinary waking self. And yet some folk still declare that we have no soul! Why, it is the only real thing in us!"

WORLD-BROTHERHOOD.

A volume entitled *World-Brotherhood* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net) has been published, containing the speeches which were delivered at the First World-Brotherhood Congress, held in London in September 1919. Taking into account the importance and promise of the movement, together with the standing of the speakers and the intrinsic value of their speeches, we do not hesitate to say that it is the greatest of all the books demanding notice this month.

What is the movement? Let Mr. Basil Mathews, the Editor of this volume, tell us. He tells us in three particulars. First, it is a movement for Brotherhood throughout the world *on a spiritual basis*, for 'the Brotherhood of Man reposes absolutely upon the Fatherhood of God.' Next, it is completely undenominational and there-

fore aims at realizing that 'unity of spirit in the bond of peace.' And thirdly, it is actually 'international and interracial, both in its basis and its membership.'

The speakers are Dr. John Clifford, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Thomas Barlow, Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. J. A. Spender, Mr. Lloyd George, and a few more. And never did these men—Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Spender in particular—speak better. The surprise is Sir Harry Johnston, who is an avowed Rationalist. Yet it is Sir Harry Johnston who gives the most outspoken credit to the work of Christian missionaries. This is what he says—he says it in his own rationalistic way:

'The missionaries of Christianity, especially in earlier days, may have wasted some time and effort in seeking to promulgate doctrines and dogmas, myths and theories as silly, as useless as those they came to refute in the religions of Asia, Africa, and Polynesia; but they also, and increasingly, taught the great imperishable dogmas of Pity, of the Brotherhood of Mankind, of Sobriety, Continence, Honesty, respect for Justice, Truth, and Reason, and the maintenance of a healthy mind in a healthy body.'

The book is furnished with many excellent photographs.

EVAN HOPKINS.

Dr. Alexander Smellie has been loyal to his friend and bountiful to his readers. The life of *Evan Henry Hopkins* (Marshall Brothers; 6s.) had to be told, that we might know one more of the saints who from their labours rest, that we might learn the secret of their sainthood, and that, if God will, we might win with them the victor's crown of gold. And if it had to be written, Dr. Smellie had to write it. He came at last to see that. And then he gave himself to it with that wholeness of heart and fineness of discernment which are his. He has made the man he himself loved and learned from, a teacher and a friend to us all.

More than that. Evan Hopkins was associated with the Keswick Movement, *was* that movement for many years, and through him Dr. Smellie has succeeded in making us appreciate the movement. It may be doubted if anywhere else the essentials of the Keswick teaching can be found in clearer or more convincing outline than in this biography.

Is your doubt about sanctification? Take this then: 'Sanctification, he proclaimed, is both a crisis and a process. It is instantaneous, and it is progressive. In the sense of conformity in life and likeness to Christ, it is, and must be, a process, gradual, continuous, without finality: Christ, like that legendary statue of Him of which mediæval writers speak, is always taller than the tallest man who stands before Him. But, in the sense of consecration or decision for holiness, sanctification is a crisis; and the crisis must take place before the process has its beginning. Ere you draw a line, you start with a point; and the line is the process, while the point is the crisis. Or here is a sponge, lying dry and hard. We wish to saturate it with water, and a full vessel is close at hand. Into it we dip the sponge, and at once the saturation commences. But it is not completed without some lapse of time. It goes on, from less to more, as the pores of the sponge open to welcome the liquid. The dip, "the cool silver shock of the plunge in the living water," is the crisis; the little-by-little saturation is the process. Or again, through a "familiar matter of to-day," the instruction was conveyed. "Two men were arguing on this subject. One had been brought to understand it, not theoretically only but practically. The other was puzzled; he could not see it. The first asked, 'How did you come from London to Keswick?' 'I came by train,' his friend replied. 'And did the train bring you by one sudden jump into Keswick?' 'Oh, no! I came along more and more.' 'Yes, I see. But first you got into the carriage, and how did you do that? was it more and more?' 'No, I just stepped in.' 'Exactly. That is the crisis; and, as you journeyed along more and more till you were at your destination, this was the process.'"

A GUILDSMAN'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.

If the title of Mr. Arthur J. Penty's book, *A Guildsman's Interpretation of History* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net), should suggest socialism, the reader of it will soon be disillusioned. This is what the author has to say about socialism, and he includes 'Guild Socialism' in his deliverance: 'Just as in France there was a movement of peasants groping its way back to Mediævalism, demanding the Just Price, so we have a popular

movement on a similar quest demanding a fixed price and the control of profiteers. Just as this movement back to Mediævalism was frustrated by the French intellectuals who exploited the popular unrest in the interests of impossible ideals, so we have the Socialist Movement doing just the same thing. For in all the big fundamental things there is little to choose between the Socialists to-day and the French Revolutionaries. Both have got their ideas upside down. Rousseau made morality dependent upon Law, while Marx made it dependent upon economic condition. In theory this is a difference; in practice it is not, for both make morality dependent upon the maintenance of administrative machinery. Both concentrate upon property and ignore currency. Both search for a fool-proof State. And so it is in respect of the whole range of Socialist ideas. They differ from Rousseau only in being one degree further removed from reality; for Rousseau did realize that the basis of society must rest upon agriculture, but Socialists to-day appear to have forgotten it. The difference of their ideas regarding property is a matter of minor importance, since the more they differ the more they are alike. They are alike in their belief that evil resides finally in institutions and not in men, and in their faith absolute in the natural perfection of mankind.'

The discovery is already made, however, that Mr. Penty is an ardent and aggressive Roman. His interpretation of history will make the Protestant reader gasp. Take this: 'Thus were thousands of people condemned to death for no other crime than adhering to the religion of their fathers, the religion, in fact, in which Elizabeth herself had professed to believe until she became queen and had turned against it, not from conscientious motives, but from considerations of convenience. "Elizabeth," says Cobbett, "put, in one way or another, more persons to death in one year, for not becoming apostates to the religion which she had sworn to be hers, and to be the only true one, than Mary put to death in the whole of her reign. . . . Yet the former is called or has been called 'good Queen Bess,' and the latter 'bloody Queen Mary.'"

For that statement Mr. Penty relies not on any researches of his own but on a *History of the Protestant Reformation*, the author of which he calls Cobbett on one page and Corbett on the next.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

How old is man? The latest estimate is Penck's; 'and Penck, who is now considered the greatest authority on the subject, gives five hundred thousand years.'

The subject is discussed in *The History of Social Development* (Allen & Unwin; 18s. net), which is a translation into English of Dr. F. Müller-Lyer's *Phasen der Kultur*, made by Mrs. E. C. Lake and Miss H. A. Lake, B.Sc., F.R.A.I. Both Professor Hobhouse and Professor Urwick vouch for the value of the book and the fidelity of the translation; the reader can discover its interest.

The most interesting part, to a thinker, is Book VI., entitled 'Culture and Happiness.' Dr. Müller-Lyer wrote his book, and the first draft of the translation was made, before the War, and it is worth seeing what a competent and independent German scholar made of 'Kultur' then.

Well, for one thing, he finds the goal of all human endeavour in happiness. And happiness is striving after success, not the attainment of it. Culture, then, by which he means education and efficiency, helps us in the struggle and so increases our happiness. Hitherto, however, the individual and his happiness have been sacrificed to the progress of the type. But it 'is by no means a matter of course that it must always be so; "there is nothing new under the sun" are only the words of effete wisdom. The logic of facts leads us to expect just the reverse: a second development must follow on the development already gained, in which man by means of the progress of culture has arrived at undreamed-of power, and this power will be made conducive to the welfare of the individual. Indeed, the hitherto existing epoch, "the perfecting of society," is only to be regarded as a prelude to a second epoch, "the perfecting of the individual." Actually, this wonderful revolution is already taking place before our eyes in our late capitalistic phase; it is no optimistic dream, but to the sociologically sharpened eye it is a truth, which is made evident by the facts of the whole and especially of the latest development.'

In the future we are to be both social and individual. For the two watchwords, individualism and socialism, 'are not opposed to each other as is usually thought, they are only different expressions of one and the same effort. Truly, if by individualism we take that distorted view in which

every man is the born enemy of the other, and as far as possible is a lonely sail, and if by socialism we can imagine nothing but a mighty equality which would condemn all the world to dreary barracks life, then these two principles would be absolute antithesis. But if we leave such repugnant caricatures alone and acknowledge that "individualism" can mean nothing else than the organization of freedom, and "socialism" nothing else than the organization of labour—or, to express it more accurately, rational co-operation (socialization of production) and equitable, *i.e.* proportionate, distribution of the results of labour—then socialism understood in this sense is the indispensable condition of individualism, for it is, at least in our phase of development, not only the best but the sole form which provides the individual with that sphere of power and freedom in which he can fully develop his life. For as a social being, man can only fulfil his destiny in a social way. That the richer classes lay more stress on individualism, and the poorer masses on socialism, is quite easy to understand; but from the sociological standpoint it is one-sided and false. The just expression for the striving after the happiness of humanity, if we want a word for it, must be "social individualism."

MAZZINI.

These letters of Mazzini, gathered into a fine volume with the title of *Mazzini's Letters to an English Family, 1844-1854* (John Lane; 16s. net), were all written to the Ashursts, a family with whom Mazzini became acquainted in London and who were for ten momentous years of his life a refuge in the time of storm. The family consisted of Ashurst and his wife, one son and four daughters. The earlier letters were addressed mostly to the eldest daughter, Eliza, who was unmarried; later, mostly to Emilie, the wife first of Sydney Hawkes and next of Carlo Venturi. They are private, outspoken, intimate letters. Their value lies just in the revelation they give, never so given before, of the heart of the man, his hunger for human affection, his dependence upon understanding and sympathy.

There are many striking things in them, characterizations and prophecies. 'I met on Wednesday Miss H. Martineau for the first time: strong, healthy, preparing for a journey to Egypt, talk-

more than I anticipated, affirmative, and positive in all that she affirms, extremely good-natured, very clever, evidently bent to do good and doing it; still somewhat barren and unsatisfactory, like the Voluntary Principle.'

Again, 'Very unacceptable to the *Times* would be Mazzini's plain speaking as to England's "abdication" of her place—or in other words, her duty—and his reckoning up of the elements with which the absolutism of Austria would have one day to reckon. Already, in 1843, he had declared that "In Austria there is a Slav movement which no one troubles about, but which one day, when united with our work, will wipe Austria off the map of Europe."'

But the most striking thing is the fact that Mazzini gave his life for an ideal, and that ideal was nationality. Now we are striving with all our might to rise above and pass beyond that ideal into the ideal of internationality. The object of so promising and already powerful an organization as 'World-Brotherhood' is just to deliver the nations of the earth from the notion that 'my country' is the first and last consideration of a patriot.

THE PILGRIMS.

Of the books which the tercentenary of the sailing of the *Mayflower* has brought into being, the most charmingly illustrated (so far as we have seen) is the volume entitled *New Light on the Pilgrim Story* (London: Memorial Hall; 7s. 6d. net). Yet no mention is made of the artist. The author is the Rev. Thomas W. Mason, who has had the Rev. B. Nightingale, M.A., Litt.D., as collaborator. But the idea of gathering together all that could be discovered about the men and women who sailed in the *Mayflower*, and illustrating the book with photographs of the buildings with which their names are associated, seems to have originated with Mrs. Charlotte Skinner (known in literature as Aunt Nora Lovell). Mrs. Skinner died in April 1918, and Mr. Mason took up the scheme and carried it through.

In spite of the mass of biographical detail through which the reader has to work his way, there is no weariness, so clear and so sympathetic is the writing, and so generously is the reader assumed to be himself in sympathy. 'Resuming my pilgrimage, I reached Nottingham's famous market-place. Ignoring the lure of Standard Hill,

and Byron's lodging-place and all the other rich historical associations of "the Queen of the Midlands," I took my stand in sight of the "Long Row," where the Puritan women did their shopping, and thought of John Robinson as he rode through this great market on the way to his wedding.

'I had often wondered if there was any faint memory left of the stirring times of the Puritans, and if it would be possible to come across such, practically in the shadow of the old castle. Turning down a narrow passage leading to St. Peter's Church with this in view, I found at a bookstall a man named Appleton. "Yes," he exclaimed in answer to my inquiry, "I belong to the Appleton family, some of whom went over to New England in Puritan times." Then after further particulars he concluded: "What I say is this. Puritans made the name of England feared; and what is more," bringing his brawny fist down vigorously on the palm of the other hand, added: "Puritans made the name of England respected." It was delightful to meet with such a strong breeze in the old place.'

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

Mr. Charles E. Raven's history of *Christian Socialism, 1848-1854* (Macmillan; 17s. net), has all the virtues of a great book. The subject is great, the author knows it intimately, and he is in fullest, sanest sympathy with it; he has taken space to write in sufficient detail; and then he has the trained imagination and the patiently acquired feeling for style. It is a book rarely to be hit upon; once read to be read again.

It is a daring book. The movement is not popular. The popular idea at present is (on the one side) that Socialism is not Christian, and (on the other) that Christianity is not social, and (on both sides) that Christian Socialism is suicide. Then the men are out of favour—Kingsley by means of Newman's 'Apologia,' for it is only the few yet who hold that he was in the right; Maurice for his heresies and, still more, his elusiveness; Ludlow for his masterfulness.

Take Maurice. Who understood him in his lifetime? Who understands him now? Well, one man does. And at last it is in the power of any of us to understand him. That service at least Mr. Raven has rendered conspicuously. Mr. Raven even dares prove that the finest thing in

Maurice was his humility—the last attainment of a noble mind.

And as he proves that humility is so fine a trait, he also shows that the humble man is a man of anger. That needs showing to-day. For, whether of obtuseness or otherwise, there are men who say of the Lord Christ Himself that being angry He was not without sin. Listen to Mr. Raven on a humble follower of Christ:

‘This emphasis upon Maurice’s humility may seem exaggerated to those who, like Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, find it hard to reconcile it with his many controversies and scathing denunciations of what he regarded as error. Mr. Masterman’s book, charming as it is with its wealth of apt quotations and brilliancy of style, is only marred by this failure to understand Maurice’s consuming passion for truth: it is a serious flaw in an interpretation otherwise sympathetic and adequate. While yielding to Maurice his right to be called a prophet, he does not realize that a prophet who speaks smooth things is an incredible anomaly. In proportion to the authenticity of his inspiration will be the vigour of his protest against error: it is his business to expose and pillory evil, to explore its roots in his own soul, learning meekness in the process, to wage war upon it there without truce or compromise, and then to confront it in others with the severity which has first been exercised against it in himself. In these days when God’s justice has been obscured by His mercy, when Jesus has become a type of gentleness, when charity is confused with amiability, it is the prophet’s function to recall to us the “wrath of the Lamb,” to remind us that sentimentality is the subtlest enemy of love, to restore to us our knowledge of the eternal hideousness of sin. Maurice in the agony of his own spiritual experience had fastened upon certain fundamental principles which he believed to be universal and divine: by them he judged his own life and the society around him: by them he tested the words and actions of his contemporaries. He may have been wrong; in one or two minor matters his judgment was palpably biassed by the circumstances of his age. But to criticise him because he was as severe to sin in others as he was to it in himself, because he possessed and used a power of righteous indignation towards dominant and fashionable error, is to deny his claim to the prophet’s office, and to be blind to the earnestness and depth of his thought.’

HISTORY.

‘The Catholic Conscience of History’ is the title of the first chapter in Mr. Hilaire Belloc’s book on *Europe and the Faith* (Constable; 17s. 6d.). The chapter begins at once: ‘I say the Catholic “conscience” of History—I say “conscience”—that is, an intimate knowledge through identity: the intuition of a thing which is one with the Knower—I do not say “The Catholic Aspect of History.” This talk of “aspects” is modern and therefore part of a decline: it is false, and therefore ephemeral: I will not stoop to it. I will rather do homage to truth and say that there is no such thing as a Catholic “aspect” of European history. There is a Protestant aspect, a Jewish aspect, a Mohammedan aspect, a Japanese aspect, and so forth. For all of these look on Europe from without. The Catholic sees Europe from within. There is no more a Catholic “aspect” of European history than there is a man’s “aspect” of himself.’

The book is a history of Christianity in Europe. And as the first paragraph so is the whole book. ‘Wycliffe, for instance, was no more the morning star of the Reformation than Catherine of Braganza’s Tangier Dowry, let us say, was the morning star of the modern English Empire. Wycliffe was but one of a great number of men who were theorising up and down Europe upon the nature of society and morals, each with his special metaphysics of the Sacrament; each with his “system.” Such Sophists have always abounded; they abound to-day. Some of Wycliffe’s extravagances resemble what many Protestants happen, later, to have held; others (such as his theory that you could not own land unless you were in a state of grace!) were of the opposite extreme to Protestantism. And so it is with the whole lot: and there were hundreds of them.’ That is the tone throughout. What service will it render to the world, to the Roman Church, to Mr. Belloc?

The last two sentences are in separate paragraphs:

‘Europe will return to the Faith, or she will perish.
The Faith is Europe. And Europe is the Faith.’

ATHENA.

Before the War a useful year-book was *Minerva*. But *Minerva* was published in Germany. Have

we to return to it now? Messrs. A. & C. Black say No. They have produced a British *Minerva*, though they have called it *Athena* instead (15s. net). What is *Athena*, then? It is 'A Book of the Learned World.' It is a *Who's Who* among the Universities and Colleges of Great Britain and America. To the next edition the editor, Mr. C. A. Ealand, M.A., promises to add 'The Learned Institutions of our Allies.'

All first issues are faulty, and the first issue of *Athena* is faulty also. But not alarmingly. If we proceed to point out some matters that can be remedied we do so just because we have confidence in the editor. He will yet make his book complete and accurate.

Notice, then, that Aberdeen, the very first place named in the book, has only its University men recognized; no mention is made of the United Free College or its men. Glasgow is treated in the same way. That it is an oversight is evident, for in Edinburgh not only is the New College and its Staff included, but even the College of the Free Church.

Note also that in St. Andrews the professors are not separated into faculties as in the other Universities; and that there as elsewhere the title Rev. is given or withheld capriciously. The spelling of the names is a wonder of accuracy. So far only one mistake has been hit upon. Dr. J. Vernon Bartlet appears as Rev. J. B. Bartletó.

THE CHARM OF OXFORD.

'There are many books on Oxford; the justification for this new one is Mr. Blackall's drawings. They will serve by their grace and charm to pleasantly recall to those who know Oxford the scenes they love; they will incite those who do not know Oxford to remedy that defect in their lives.'

'This new one' thus honestly introduced (split infinitive and all) is entitled *The Charm of Oxford* (Simpkin; 21s. net). The author is Mr. J. Wells, M.A., Warden of Wadham, and the artist, as already stated, is Mr. W. G. Blackall. Now it is not to be understood that Mr. Wells is a negligible presence. His story is just as charming as the drawings of Mr. Blackall, and that is a great saying; for if no one can ever resist the charm of Oxford itself, no one will be able to resist the charm of these pencil drawings. Quite

early comes the View in Radcliffe Square, to determine one's judgment. The man who can recall so happily that surprise of the charms of Oxford is accepted at once and believed in always.

But, we say, Mr. Wells is not to be neglected. He has not 'written up to' the drawings; he has written a guide to Oxford, historical, literary, biographical, as well as architectural and æsthetic, which, if only it could be carried in the pocket, should certainly accompany every inquisitive visitor, at least on his first astonished visit. It cannot be carried in the pocket. For the sake of the illustrations this is a large square volume with handsome margins and all the other signs of sumptuousness. But perhaps Mr. Wells will be persuaded to reprint the letterpress in more compactness and convenience.

What he says about Merton College strikes us as especially happy. 'In this great foundation,' he says, 'the three characteristic features of a college are found—a common life, powers of self-government, with the right of choosing future members, and endowments that enable religion and learning to flourish, free from more pressing cares. It is these features which distinguish the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and which have determined their history.'

Again, he says: 'The north side of the Mob Quad [no one knows why it is called the Mob Quad], which is shown in our picture, is very little later than the Chapel, and the whole of the Quad was finished before 1400; the rooms in it have been the homes of Oxford men for more than five centuries. It is sad to think that so unique a building was almost destroyed in the middle of the nineteenth century, by the zeal of "reformers"; it was actually condemned to be pulled down, to make way for modern buildings, but, fortunately, there was an irregularity in the voting. Mr. G. C. Brodrick, then a young fellow, later the Warden of the college, insisted on the matter being discussed again at a later meeting, and at this the Mob Quad was saved by a narrow majority. "He will go to heaven for it," as Corporal Trim said of the English Guards, who saved his broken regiment at Steinkirk.'

There are four great national Catalogues of Books—Hinrichs for Germany, Lorenz for France, *The*

English Catalogue of Books for Great Britain, and the United States Catalog for America—and that was formerly the order of their completeness and accuracy. But now the English Catalogue is beating up upon its rivals. Every year marks progress. Last year's catalogue (1919) just issued (Publishers' Circular Limited) has to be searched for a mistake, and probably not one book of a marketable kind is unrecorded in it.

The usual classified analysis of books published during the year is given. How does 1919 compare with 1918? In 1918 the total number of books and pamphlets published in Great Britain was 7716; in 1919 it was 8622. There is no falling away there. But in some departments there is a decline. Religion is 766 against 783 in 1918, and History 422 against 629. The most striking advances are Sociology, 824 against 662, and in Technology, 686 against 378. Poetry has fallen away from 642 to 495. Have the war poets ceased to sing? Is the great singer about to be heard?

A most useful book is *The Missionary Situation after the War*, though it is only the writing out of Notes prepared by Mr. J. H. Oldham for the International Missionary Meeting held at Crans, near Geneva, in June. It is published at the Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London (1s. net).

'It is very generally admitted that at the present day there is a widespread desire among Catholics for instruction regarding the truths of their religion. Those preachers are the most sought after whose sermons are known to convey positive teaching as to the faith; while for the purely hortatory sermon, however good of its kind, there is little demand. Nor is this state of things confined to English-speaking peoples. Even in those countries in which the oratorical style was at one time regarded as essential to good preaching, the more homely instruction seems to be now largely taking its place. The reason for this is not hard to see.'

Well, what is the reason? The Rev. G. H. Joyce, S.J., believes the reason to be that the Catholic religion 'alone has held its ground unshaken by the tremendous religious disintegration of the nineteenth century,' and now men want to know all about a religion which is so unshakable. Another observer might have drawn the opposite conclusion.

But Mr. Joyce has his own way of it and he has written a book on *The Catholic Doctrine of Grace* (Burns Oates & Washbourne), choosing that doctrine as fundamental. And so in the Roman theology it is. For 'grace' is simply life in Christ. The first chapter is on Sanctifying Grace. 'When the Catholic Church speaks of "sanctifying grace," it is this new life given us by God that she means. But here it should be noted that the term "life" has two senses. Sometimes we employ it to denote the state in which a man is capable of exercising the activities which flow from the existence of a vital principle. It is in this sense that we say that a man's life has been a happy or a sad one, or that his life has lasted so many years. On the other hand, sometimes it is used to signify the vital principle itself. Sanctifying grace is life in this latter sense: it is *the vital principle by which we live as sons of God*. When we wish to speak of the state in which we are capable of the activities proper to this life, we speak of the state of grace.'

The Rev. H. C. O. Lanchester, who already edited Davidson's *Job*, adapting it to the Revised Version, has now edited *The Books of Nahum, Habakkuk, and Zephaniah* of the same author in the same way (Cambridge: at the University Press; 4s. net). The present reviewer confesses to a feeling of intrusion; but after careful examination of the *Job* he had to admit both consideration and carefulness. The present volume may be accepted as the latest and best word on those three somewhat neglected prophets.

Dr. J. Loewenberg has given to the world a course of lectures by the late Professor Josiah Royce entitled *Lectures on Modern Realism* (Milford; 12s. 6d. net). He apologizes for doing so, telling us that the subject-matter of these lectures is one that, 'in a more biographical way, has already been treated in *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*.' He even warns some of us off, adding that 'to literary distinction such as the *Spirit of Modern Philosophy* possesses the present lectures can evidently lay no claim.' But to the present writer, after reading the book on holiday, no work that has come in his way has more clearly described the rise and progress of idealism in Germany from the day on which Kant left it an

open question whether 'the thing in itself' existed or not to the day on which the idealistic opposition to Hegel received its classical representation in the doctrine of Schopenhauer. One might even call it an Introduction to Modern Philosophy by an Idealist, and be thankful for having found an introduction so easy to understand.

The new volume of *The Christian World Pulpit*—it is vol. xcvi. (Clarke & Co.; 7s. 6d. net)—contains many good sermons, sermons by Mr. Sidney M. Berry, Dr. J. C. Carlile, Dr. John Clifford, Bishop Charles Gore, Dr. A. T. Guttery, Dr. R. F. Horton, Dean Inge, Dr. J. G. James, Dr. Griffith-Jones, Dr. J. H. Jowett, Mr. N. C. Raad. But the most interesting of all its contents is the series of papers which the Editor has himself contributed. And especially interesting are the notes on 'Preaching in the Seventies.' *The Christian World Pulpit* began its existence on November 8, 1872, as an overflow from *The Christian World*. In a Prefatory Word, the Editor expressed the conviction that many thousands of persons were so situated that, from various reasons, they were prevented from attendance upon the public services of the sanctuary. His modest hope was that a sufficient number of these might be found to warrant the continuation of the experiment of the publication of "good practical sermons by ministers of the several divisions of the one Church of Christ, and by the addition of articles and meditations of a devotional and instructive character for readers to whom the longer discourse may sometimes appear a burden." And with that sentence as text the present editor proceeds to preach good practical sermons of his own on the paper, the men it has introduced to the world, the influence it has had on preaching, and its power in promoting catholicity. These discourses exhibit the essential harmony of Christian teaching beneath outward organization and official label; and they declare plainly that theology is a living and progressive science.

How is the preacher meeting the demand for 'a new world' in the pulpit? Is he offering 'a talk' on the latest political event or social sensation? Not this preacher. Not the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. Every sermon in *The Shepherd of the Sea* (Sharp; 6s. net) is of full length, full strength. Every

sermon appeals to the whole personality, intellect, emotion, will. And every sermon is thoroughly interesting, for it is well illustrated and in touch with life.

Jesus as They saw Him, by J. Alexander Findlay, M.A., Part III. The Gospel according to Matthew (Epworth Press; 3s. 6d. net). When the first part of this work was published special attention was drawn to it in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, for it was seen to be of exceptional usefulness to the student of the Synoptic Gospels. This, the last part, confirms the judgment then expressed. It is a student's book and demands study. But the man who patiently works through it will receive double for all his pains. It is a serious book, but with no hint of empty solemnity. 'Very curious'—here is one sentence—"very curious is the difference between Matt. x. 10 and Luke x. 7; Matthew has "the workman is worthy of his maintenance"; Luke, "the workman is worthy of his pay." Methodists follow Matthew, most other Churches Luke.'

Evangelical Catholicism is the title which the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle, M.A., has given to a small book in which he seeks to show that the High-Churchman is an Evangelical and the Evangelical ought to be a High-Churchman (Gay & Hancock; 2s. 6d. net).

To your liturgical library add by all means a study of the Roman Breviary. And the latest is the best for your purpose—*The Divine Office*, by the Rev. E. J. Quigley (Dublin: Gill & Son; 7s. 6d. net). For one thing it is a highly attractive volume even to look at: and for a greater thing it is a lucid, scholarly, fair, and frank exposition of every article in every section. To the minister of religion—Roman, Anglican, or other—it contains hints many and wise as to the conduct of public service. There is even some humour in such a chapter as the one on Intention and Attention. 'Intention is an act of the will; attention is an act of the understanding.'

Katherine Dunlap Cather understands boys. Her *Boyhood Stories of Famous Men* (Harrap; 5s. net) is a great delight. And like the best children's sermon it is as delightful to the 'grown-up' as to the children. Among the Famous Men

there is one Famous Woman—Rosa Bonheur, whose tomboyishness is happily hit off.

Mr. Charles C. Boyer, Ph.D., has written a *History of Education* (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net). He has written it with a double appeal—at once to the youth in the study and to the man in the street. It is difficult to accomplish both aims. Mr. Boyer has been most successful with the man in the street. Although the look of the book, with its black-type titles, its references, and its questions, suggests the study, the style is scarcely terse enough for success there. Such a short paragraph as this may be accepted in a popular book but will be criticised by a student: 'Francke was a very practical man. This appears from the fact that he established a bookstore, a paper-mill, a printing-press, a drugstore, and other facilities. These means added to his income, and served as a convenience.'

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are the publishers in this country of a volume which by its title should appeal to the schoolboy. Its title is *On the Trail of the Pioneers: Romance, Tragedy and Triumph of the Path of Empire* (12s. 6d. net). But it is more than a schoolboy's book. It is a history, or, at least it contains materials for a history, of the conquest of America. And its virtue lies in the clear recognition of the fact that the conquest was wrought by obscure men and women and children, seeking sometimes relief from oppression, sometimes a better livelihood, and sometimes more adventure. It contains many graphic and some very poignant passages from private diaries and published works. The verses quoted at the beginning from Walt Whitman are a summary of its contents:

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world,
varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of
labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing
Down the edges, through the passes, up the
mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go
the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing
deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin
soil upheaving,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

The Rev. John T. Faris, D.D., is manifestly a devourer of biography. For he has written a book of sixty-nine chapters, and nearly every chapter is found in one biography or another. The book is called *The Book of Joy* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net)—not because all the men and women whose biography Dr. Faris has read were conspicuous for cheerfulness; but because somewhere in their biography he has found some secret which will make his readers happy if they extract it. Thus: "I care not for honour or praise, if I could only really do something to benefit my fellow-creatures," was the entry made in her journal in March 1841, by Anna Jemima Clough, an English girl of twenty-one. The desire thus expressed was gratified. She became a pioneer in the fight for the intellectual recognition of women. After a long struggle she succeeded in opening the doors of Cambridge University to her sex.

For those engaged, or desiring to be engaged, in social service, the handbook of information is *Public Services*, issued by the National Council of Social Service and by Messrs. P. S. King & Co. (2s. net).

If any woman has to be, or is ambitious of being, a political canvasser, let her first of all read *How Women can Help in Political Work*, as written by Constance Williams (Melrose; 2s. net).

Another Commentary on the Apocalypse! Mr. Robert Caldwell, F.R.G.S., has been lecturing on 'the pamphlet,' as he calls it, and now publishes the lectures. He has a clear conception of the meaning of the book. 'Its main great purpose was to reveal our LORD JESUS CHRIST Himself.' It tells us much about things as they are and about things as they shall be hereafter, but it tells about those things 'only in their relationship to the LORD JESUS CHRIST.' And he gives his book the title, *The Revelation of Jesus Christ* (Morgan & Scott; 5s. net).

Mr. Eric S. Robertson, M.A., Fellow of the

Punjab University, has broken clean away from the creeds, and in *The Limits of Unbelief; or, Faith without Miracles* (Nisbet; 6s. net) he tells us what he believes now. He tells us very nicely, for he is writing to a lad who has been in the War and has to be handled gently. We do not know that it is a creed to carry the lad to the fulness of Christian manhood, but it will do to begin with, for it contains the great fundamental things. And the author is right in thinking that a short creed lived and walked by is better than a long creed hung superstitiously round the neck.

Quite worth publishing is the Rev. F. W. Robertson Dorling's volume of Children's Sermons entitled *With Christ on the Shore* (Partridge; 2s. 6d. net).

Although the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., repudiates, and that emphatically, the suggestion of Modernism, he is not far from the best modernist position when he claims that the supreme fact for us is the Christ of our own experience. His title is *Back to Christ* (New York: Paulist Press; \$1 net). But 'Back to Christ' does not mean back from Paul. The Christ of experience is the Christ of Paul, the Christ of Paul is the Christ of the Fourth Gospel, the Christ of the Fourth Gospel is the Christ of the Synoptics, and the Christ of the Synoptics is God. Orthodox? Yes, surely. But modern too, and as good for a Protestant as for a Roman.

John Bunyan, 1628-1688, a Lecture by Harry Goodenough to the League of Peace and Freedom, May 16, 1917, has been printed most beautifully at the Pelican Press in Gough Square, London, where it may be purchased for three pence. And the three pence will never be grudged by the purchaser.

Mr. Dan Crawford, the author of that thrilling book, *Thinking Black*, has published some missionary studies on texts. The title is *Thirsting after God* (Pickering & Inglis; 3s. net). They are quite unconventional, for neither by nature nor by experience has Mr. Crawford a tendency to run into moulds. He pursues the word 'privately' through the Gospels, finds a lesson for to-day in every occurrence, and ends every lesson with a 'moral.'

Messrs. Sands & Co. have published a second edition, enlarged, of Dr. Bertram C. A. Windle's book *What is Life?* and under a new title, *Vitalism and Scholasticism* (8s. 6d. net).

In Dr. Sherwood Eddy's story of his travels all over the world as a Y.M.C.A. evangelist, told in *Everybody's World* (R.T.S.; 6s. net), the most instructive chapters are the two on 'The Awakening of India.' In these chapters he describes the recent political and the recent religious movements clearly and competently. He has sympathy enough with them to see their significance and with the Government to recognize its difficulties. He is an American, and he speaks generously of the British Government. 'An impartial spectator,' he says, 'cannot help seeing the tragedy of the situation. On the one hand he can hardly fail to sympathize with the natural and inevitable aspirations for freedom and self-government felt by such a great people. On the other hand he cannot be blind to India's present unpreparedness for such government. One must recognize sympathetically both the aspirations of India and the tremendous difficulties facing the British Government. Remembering all the faults of that Government, one cannot call from history a single instance of the government of one people by another where the task undertaken was so great or where it was more nobly fulfilled. Neither the Philippines nor any other colony or country affords an exception.'

'Which do you think had a truer idea of God, Calvin or a North American Indian devoted to the worship of the Great Spirit?'

The question is asked in a volume entitled *Jesus' Principles of Living*, written by Professor Charles Foster Kent of Yale University and Professor Jeremiah Whipple Jenks of New York University (Scribner; \$1.25). And it is clear that the answer looked for is 'the North American Indian,' for a later question in the same paragraph is, 'Why is the dogmatic method even more dangerous in the field of religion than of natural science?'

The book is prepared for students of the Gospels. Its authors are scholars. One of them is known throughout the world as a prolific and successful writer of educational works on the Bible. Now every book on the Gospels has its estimate of Christ. Here Christ is a man and

only a man. The fact of 'the divinity of Jesus' is made to depend upon the truth of the Virgin Birth. The words are: 'Apparently of late years the issue is drawn between those who speak of Jesus' miraculous birth in a physical sense and those who look upon Jesus primarily as the spiritual interpreter of God to men.' And it is no surprise to find that our Lord's words, 'Why callest thou me good?' are interpreted as denying His own sinlessness. But is there in all the history of interpretation a more monstrous misunderstanding than that?

A volume of sermons on the Lord's Prayer, entitled *Social Prayer*, has been written by the Rev. H. L. Hubbard, M.A. (Skeffington; 3s. 6d. net). It is introduced to the reader by the Rev. Christopher Cheshire, Warden of Liddon House. Mr. Cheshire says: 'We all know that the Lord's Prayer contains a strong and definite social note. Writer after writer has emphasised it for us. But I doubt if any writer has brought home this truth to us so clearly and convincingly as Mr. Hubbard has done here. Certainly no other author that I can recall has revealed the absolutely central and fundamental position that social teaching occupies in our great Prayer. Mr. Hubbard does so with most telling force.' That is emphatic and it is true.

A fine scholar's finest work is *Christian Monasticism in Egypt to the Close of the Fourth Century*, by the Rev. W. H. Mackean, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 8s. net). The literature is large but it has been well studied. More than that, it has been mastered so well that the reading of the book is a pleasure, all the scaffolding having been completely removed from the completed building. It is such a popular book as only a scholar can write.

Gregory Thaumaturgus: Address to Origen—that is the title of the Rev. W. Metcalfe's excellent translation of, and introduction to, Gregory's famous Address (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). 'In translating the Address, I have kept as closely as possible to the form in which the author cast it. Here and there I have broken up long sentences and altered the order of clauses for the sake of clearness, but on the whole the translation is as literal as possible. In the notes I have indicated a few parallel

passages, for many of which I am indebted to Koetschau's notes and indexes. I have suggested several additional scripture references which he, possibly with good reason, has not mentioned.'

A most readable and encouraging short biography of *Dorothea Beale*, Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College from 1858 to 1906, and a pioneer in the struggle for the higher education of women, has been written by Elizabeth H. Shillito, B.A. (S.P.C.K.; paper, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 3s. 6d. net).

Are the gift-books this winter with the increased cost of production to be as luxurious as ever? The S.P.C.K. opens the season with *The Parables* (4s. 6d. net), printed in fine large type, with short introductions in still larger type, and illustrated by H. J. Ford with pen and ink drawings that have character enough to arrest the most indifferent eye. The Pharisee and the Publican will never be forgotten.

A new edition has been issued of the late James Neil's *Everyday Life in the Holy Land* (S.P.C.K.; 15s. net). It is seven years since the previous issue; which signifies that the reading public looks at the illustrations in colour, which are good, and does not enter into the book itself, which is better. For James Neil had the rare gift of instinctive interpretation. He knew Palestine as others have known it, he felt Palestine as few have felt it. And he could bring the Land and the Book together as happily as even Dr. Thomson could ever do. The value of the illustrations is high, and it is highest just where illustrations of Palestine life are usually worthless—that is to say, these fine pictures are pictures of actual life in Palestine. For the artists worked under the eye of the author. 'Yes, that is artistic, quite effective artistically, but it is not true.' It had to be true.

The Rev. J. M. Harden, B.D., LL.D., has translated *The Ethiopic Didascalia* for the S.P.C.K. series of 'Translations of Oriental Christian Texts' (9s. net).

'Treatises are extant in various languages, called by the name of Didascalia. These are the descendants, directly or indirectly, of a Greek work now lost, which belongs in its original form probably to some part of the third century A.D.

The earliest of these is the SYRIAC Didascalia. This was described, and parts of it were translated, by Bickell in 1843, in his *Geschichte des Kirchenrechts* (i. pp. 148-159), but the Syriac text was first published in 1854 by P. A. de Lagarde, who also attempted to restore the original Greek. A Syriac text of another recension has more recently (1903) been edited and translated by Mrs. Gibson. This edition is based on a manuscript discovered in Mesopotamia by Dr. J. R. Harris. The Syriac Didascalia is also accessible in the Latin version given by Funk in his *Didascalia et Constitutiones Apostolorum* (1905), in the French version of F. Nau (1902), and in the German version made by Flemming (1904).'

'A portion of the Ethiopic Didascalia was published by T. P. Platt with an English translation in 1834. He obtained the Ethiopic text, which he edited and translated from a single manuscript, which had been brought from Jerusalem by the Rev. William Jowett, and presented to the British and Foreign Bible Society. This manuscript was, unfortunately, defective. Not only is a leaf lost in the middle of its sixteenth chapter, but also it breaks off abruptly in the middle of a word in Chapter xxii. Thus Platt's edition contains little more than half of the Ethiopic Didascalia.' Dr. Harden has translated the rest, making his edition (so far as we know) complete.

It may not be usual for the Introduction to an ancient writing to be better than the writing itself. But we have read Dr. H. J. Lawlor's Introduction to *St. Bernard of Clairvaux's Life of St. Malachy of Armagh* (S.P.C.K.; 12s. net) with great relish, and then, having tried to read the life itself, have found it tasteless. In the Introduction Dr. Lawlor tells the story of the Reformation, as he calls it, of the Church in Ireland, that movement by which the Irish Church, once independent, came under the sway of the Pope. Malachy played a great part in the movement near the end of it, and his life is of the utmost value for its history. But when we read the life itself, even as written by the greatest of all St. Bernards, we fail to separate the wheat of fact from the chaff of fiction and fall away at last unedified and uninstructed.

Dr. Lawlor has made a thorough study of his subject. He ought to publish the Introduction separately. It is an account, the most reliable as

well as the most recent, of a critical time in the history of the Irish Church. He has all the facts, and he has the ability to construct of them a living, moving narrative.

Professor H. A. A. Kennedy, D.D., D.Sc., has taken time to write a student's introduction to the Early Church. *Vital Forces of the Early Church* he calls the book (Student Christian Movement; 4s. net; in paper covers, 2s. 6d. net). It is just such a book—so simple, so thorough, so unerring—as a scholar, as only a scholar of Dr. Kennedy's conscience and accomplishment, could write. A Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles it could be called, and after the manner of the best commentaries there is now and then a fuller note, setting in the right light some difficult phrase or custom, such phrase as 'the Fulness of the Time,' such custom as 'Emperor Worship.'

Mr. Will Reason, M.A., has written a book on *Drink and the Community* for the Student Christian Movement (3s. 6d. net). It will be welcomed at once and eagerly in Scotland, where this year the long-deferred right to control the sale of alcohol is offered to the people. Mr. Reason is very cautious and may be relied upon. He shows that it is not the abuse but the use of alcohol that is the issue now. As he puts it: 'The modern indictment is that this sapping of the moral as well as the physical life is not a matter of *excess* only, but of *all use of alcohol as a drink*.' Here is a remarkable sentence: 'The Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing Laws (1899) presented two reports, one signed by the majority, including the eight commissioners representing "the Trade." This contained the statement: "It is undeniable that a gigantic evil remains to be remedied and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would result in a marked diminution of this national degradation."'

By *The Kingship of God* (Swarthmore Press; 6s. 6d. net), Mr. G. B. Robson means the Kingdom of God. It is not that he is troubled about the idea of sovereignty in the phrase, as so many American writers are, it is because "Kingship" puts the emphasis where it ought to be, and where the Greek word puts it, on the rule rather than on that which is ruled over, and avoids also any suggestion of locality.' It is a satisfactory book. Mr. Robson is a scholar, well instructed in all the

learning of the unbelievers, and he can hold his own easily. His own is a firm assurance of the reconciliation to God wrought by the historical Jesus Christ.

Mr. Henry Clark, the author of *The Faith and the Book* (Thynne; 10s. 6d. net), is so convinced of the perfection of the Bible—its inerrancy, its inspiration, and its scheme of salvation, that he does not trouble referring to it. He goes forward at once with his wonderful diagrams, representing the construction of the Bible as a pyramid, the Revelation of God as the shield of David, the Unveiling of Salvation as a series of circles with intersecting triangles, the whole Bible as 'a simple cube'—one side man, one side God, one side sin, one side salvation, one side Revelation, and one side the Saviour. It is all quite impressive, and, if you accept the premises, quite conclusive. The letterpress is of less account. It is chiefly explana-

tion of the diagrams. There is an Appendix on 'Perilous Times' with three diagrams of its own—ingenious and instructive as all the rest—on the same conditions.

A British edition of Miss Margaret E. Burton's *Women Workers of the Orient* has been prepared and edited by Miss E. I. M. Boyd, M.A. (United Council for Missionary Education; 2s. 6d. net).

The United Council for Missionary Education has issued a new edition—the fifth, rewritten and revised—of Mr. W. H. T. Gairdner's *The Reproach of Islam*. The author has changed the title into *The Rebuke of Islam* (3s. net), for he has no wish to insult the follower of Muhammad, and 'the Biblical sense of the word "reproach" escaped him—namely, a thing so unspeakably vile that its very existence is a shame.'

The Parable of the Vine.

ITS PLACE IN THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

BY THE REVEREND J. E. ROBERTS, M.A., D.D., MANCHESTER.

IN the Fourth Gospel as now arranged, chaps. 13–17 are an account of the last evening in the life of Jesus, including the conversation which took place at the table before Jesus and His disciples went to Gethsemane. Thus a fourth of the Gospel is occupied with one evening; and very much of the most treasured teaching of Jesus was given on that single occasion, in a brief time. But every reader feels the difficulty of the present arrangement of the chapters. Chap. 14 closes with the words, 'Arise, let us go hence.' This is followed immediately by the words, 'I am the true vine'; and it is not until we reach chap. 18 we are told, 'When Jesus had spoken these words he went forth with his disciples.' Many attempts have been made to account for this apparent discrepancy. They have been chiefly attempts to deal with a literary problem; and the most frequent resort is to suggest a displacement of portions of the chapters. Dr. Moffatt in his *New Translation of the New Testament* boldly prints these chapters in

a different order. In the Preface he refers to this as illustrating the single exception he has made to the rule not to depart from the arrangement familiar to the reader of the English Bible. So, after 13^{81a}, he inserts 15 and 16. 16⁸³ is followed immediately by 13^{81b}. The footnotes are added: 'Chapters 15 and 16 are restored to their original position in the middle of ver. 31.' . . . 'The sequence of 13⁸¹ is now resumed.' In his *Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament*, Dr. Moffatt refers to 13¹–20⁸¹ as 'the third part of the gospel,' which 'describes the conversation of Jesus at the last supper (13¹–17²⁶), the arrest, trial, and death (18¹–19⁴²), and the appearances after death (20¹–81).'¹ Then under 'Literary Structure,' (f), he says: 'The hypothesis that chs. 15–16 represent a later addition, either by the author himself (Becker, Lattey, Lewis) or a redactor (so, for 15–17, Wellhausen, Heitmüller), allows 14⁸¹ to lie in its original connection with 18¹ (ch. 17

¹ *Loc. cit.* p. 519 (2nd edition).

being spoken by Jesus standing in the attitude of prayer before leaving the room). The data in favour of another author are hardly adequate, however, except on the extremely precarious hypothesis that the gospel as a whole underwent a process of accretion which was largely due to theological tendencies. To strike out "Rise, let us go hence" is to cut the Gordian knot, and the only alternative is to follow the internal evidence which points to the conclusion that, by some dislocation, 14 has been displaced from its original position immediately before 17.' Of the three theories of the place originally occupied by 15-16—(1) to set them between 13³⁵ and 13³⁶; (2) to interpolate them between 13²⁰ and 13²¹; or (3) to restore them to their original position between 13^{31a} and 13^{31b}, Dr. Moffatt describes (3) as the most attractive and intelligible. As already pointed out, he adopts this theory in his New Translation, and prints the chapters in that order.

Evidently the question is not only one of literary arrangement. There is the further question as to the origin of 14-16. It is usually assumed that 13-17 are all concerned with the conversation at the Last Supper in the Upper Room. But may not the literary question be complicated by the attempt to introduce into the Upper Room, conversation which took place during a longer period and on other occasions? In particular, is it not possible that we have here not only the conversation in the Upper Room but also some of the conversation between Jesus and His disciples on their daily walks to and from Bethany? Suppose that these chapters contain a summary of the private talks which Jesus had with His disciples during the last days of His life. It may well be that the author cannot clearly distinguish between words spoken on any one day from those spoken at the Supper. Either the memory of them (if written down by a disciple) is indistinct, or the record has not indicated precisely when specific teaching was given. In such circumstances the literary problem was one that presented itself to the evangelist, and he had to do his best to include this wayside talk and the talk at the table in one brief narrative. Even the theory of an addition either by the author or by a redactor would in this case not be so invalidated by 'theological tendencies' as Dr. Moffatt suggests. For it might be that a separate account was available of some of the wayside talk of Jesus as He and His disciples trudged into

Jerusalem each morning and back again to Bethany in the evening. Then this account had to be fitted, as well as possible, into an account of the talk at the table, without any clear guidance as to when particular words were spoken.

Therefore the suggestion is put forward that instead of treating chaps. 13-17 as being an account only of what happened in the Upper Room, they should be treated as an account of the last teachings of Jesus during the closing days of His life, grouped inside the framework of the Last Supper.

There is one interesting passage which seems to gain in significance when treated thus. Chap. 15 opens with: 'I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away.' It is at this point the literary difficulty is most obvious. For chap. 15 immediately follows the words, 'Arise, let us go hence.' Now can we find any occasion during the last days when such teaching would be suitable? Dr. Moffatt's comment is: 'Jesus, in view of the wine at table, utters the parable of the Vine.' But is there not a closer parallel? The only incident of the daily journeys related in the Gospels is the Barren Fig Tree. It was 'in the morning as he returned to the city' that Jesus 'saw a fig tree, and found nothing thereon but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away. And in the morning' (*i.e.* the next morning) 'as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots.'

The incident is confessedly one of the most difficult to explain in the life of Jesus. It is inconceivable that our Lord 'cursed' the fig tree in any petulant mood or because it did not bear figs 'when the time of figs was not yet.' The only reasonable explanation seems to be that He seized upon the appearance of the tree to teach His disciples a very important lesson. The case was urgent. He was within a day or two of His death. In order to enforce a vital lesson, Jesus sacrificed the tree.

But do the evangelists give an adequate explanation in their account of what followed? Undoubtedly the lessons urged there are extremely important. To have faith in God, to be confident of faith's efficacy and of the power of prayer—these are lessons of vast value. But are they quite the lessons which the incident seems designed to

teach? One almost gets the impression of a lesson found after the event to justify it, rather than of teaching following naturally from the incident.

When, however, we turn to Jn 15, we do find ourselves in circumstances very parallel to those of the barren fig tree. The simile of the vine is used rather than the tree; but the phraseology is strongly reminiscent of the fig tree, and the lessons are precisely those taught by its cursing. The aim of 15 is to urge the importance of fruit-bearing: fruit, and yet more fruit, is the aim of the husbandman. No show of leaves can suffice. Branches which do not bear fruit are cast forth and 'withered.' Jesus uses here exactly the same word to describe the fate of the fruitless branch, ἐξηράνθη, as Matthew uses to describe the barren tree (cp. Mt 21¹⁹ and Jn 15⁶). Also the next verse in Jn 15, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you,' seems to be reminiscent of words connected by Matthew and Mark with the withered tree (cp. Mt 21²² and Mk 11²⁴).

It seems, therefore, to be a feasible suggestion that the parable of the Vine was spoken by Jesus on the high road between Bethany and Jerusalem,

and that it emphasized the lesson taught by a tree with leaves but no fruit. If this be a true account of the origin of a part of chap. 15, it may also stand for other portions of chaps. 14 to 16. There is so much of importance in these chapters that one would be glad to believe the teaching was not all crowded into one evening, but was spread over several days. The literary problem is also explained; for here is a collection of the closing teachings of Jesus without any indication as to the particular day, and grouped (by a familiar device) round the Last Supper. Is it inconceivable that chaps. 15 and 16 were originally a separate document—a kind of summary of the wayside talk of Jesus during the last week of His life? If so, and the evangelist wished to insert it, perhaps he chose the point he did because he did not wish to interrupt the narrative of 13 and 14; and these words having been spoken whilst walking, it was not unfitting to put them after 'Let us go hence,' as if to suggest that Jesus talked thus as they walked away from the Upper Room. Anyhow, it is interesting to think that these memorable walks to and from Bethany were beguiled by such precious and valuable teaching as is contained in these chapters.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

A Famous Picture.

'Who against hope believed in hope.'—Ro 4¹⁸.

IF you were asked to write an essay on 'Hope' you would find it a very difficult task.

All sorts of ideas would keep passing through your mind. You would remember how you had often hoped for fine weather, for the present of a cricket bat or a tennis racket, or it may be for something very much less expensive. If you wrote anything down at all I expect it would be a sort of story. Suppose you were asked to draw a picture of 'Hope,' you simply could not do it. Not even remembering all the pictures of 'Faith, Hope, and Charity' that you had ever seen would help you. No language or colour can make Hope visible.

How can it be described? It is not merely a

feeling like what you had when you longed for the cricket bat or the tennis racket. It grows out of something more than a wish; there is sorrow and disappointment at the back of it.

There was a boy called George who had a great ambition to become a University student. He had been a good scholar at school, for he loved getting to know things. But his father was only a poor tradesman who lived in the days of small wages, and who had never had time to think about books. He wanted to take George away from school and to apprentice him to a tailor, and he told him so very firmly. George's mother heard him say it, but she kept silent. She was a woman who occasionally went out to work by the day in order to eke out the income, and in this way had a little spare money by her. She always thought of George when she added a shilling or two to her store, for although very

poor she wanted him to grow up to be both a great and a good man.

Passing the door of his little bedroom the night he had heard of his father's decision, the sound of a sob reached her. She went in and stroking her boy's hair—so gently that he never forgot it—she said tenderly, 'Don't cry, George, laddie; I know what's troubling you; I've made up my mind that you'll get to the College even if I have to work day and night to make the money to pay for it.' All through the following winter George went to school, often so poorly clad and shod that he was cold all day; but his spirits never flagged. His mother's promise was constantly in his ears from the time he rose till he went to bed at night. His little life told a story of Hope.

Now, come with me to the Tate Gallery in London. All sorts of pictures are on the walls; but the one I want you specially to look at is a very dim-looking canvas. It shows a bowed and stricken figure cowering over a broken lyre in the twilight. The lyre is damaged but not destroyed. The name of the picture is given in the catalogue as 'Hope.' I dare say you find it difficult to understand why it is so.

Some one called to see the artist's pictures one day, for he was a famous man called George Frederic Watts. He happened to be ill at the time and could not leave his room to show the visitor round the studio, so he sent a little note to him. 'The new picture is "Hope,"' he wrote, 'all the strings of her instrument are broken but one, and she is trying to get all possible music out of her poor tinkle.' That was like little George with his mother's promise. He twanged away on his one string, and it was a beautiful happiness he got out of it—the happiness of hope.

Watts was offered two thousand guineas for the picture. He refused the money and presented it to the nation instead; he wanted people to be made better by seeing it. One day he received a letter. It was written by a stranger to tell him that in a dark hour of his life, when he was feeling very hopeless, a photograph of 'Hope' had arrested his attention. The photograph was bought with his last few shillings. The letter concluded, 'I do not know you, nor have I ever seen the face of him who gave me my hope, but I thank God for the chance of that day when it came to me in my sore need.'

In Watts' picture the stooping figure is blindfolded. A bright star is overhead but she does not see it, her gleam of light is an inner one.

I know of nothing better for boys and girls than to have a few pictures of their very own. The man who bought the picture of 'Hope' had only a few shillings to spare. By saving up your pennies, why should you not gather a little collection together? Begin with Watts' 'Hope.' You will never tire looking at it, and if some day it should preach you a sermon it will be one worth listening to.

Say what you Mean and Mean what you Say.

'Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay.'—Ja 5¹².

There is a quaint proverb which says that 'a hero's word and an elephant's tooth remain fixed.' I never tried acting dentist to an elephant, so I can't answer for the tooth; but I know that it takes a hero to stick to his word through thick and thin.

Now, of course, we are all going to be heroes; we haven't quite got there yet, but we shall some day, and so one of the things we have to notice is that our word 'remains fixed.' And that just means that when we say a thing people can depend upon us; they know that we are speaking the truth and intend to carry out what we promise.

I think there are two things we have to remember if our word is to remain fixed.

1. The first is to *say what we mean*.

There was a boy once who was sent on an errand to a farm on a hot summer's day. The road was long and dusty, and when he arrived at his destination he was tired and thirsty. Now the farmer's wife had just been baking apple tarts. She had them all set out on a wire tray to cool, and they looked most 'scrumptious.' And through a door at the back of the kitchen the boy could see into the dairy with its great basins of creamy milk. The farmer's wife asked the boy if he would take a glass of milk and a tart. He said 'No,' and he meant 'Yes,' and she took him at his word! I don't know why he said 'No.' Perhaps he felt a bit shy, but years after, when he was a grown-up man, he still regretted the glass of cool milk and the juicy apple tart he missed that hot summer's day.

Now if we are going to stick to our word, it is a good thing first of all to make sure that we say

what we mean, and that what we mean is something wise and good. Don't be in too great a hurry. Think twice before you speak. Think twice before you make rash promises.

There was a king once who was very much delighted because a young girl danced beautifully before him. And because he was so pleased, he made her a foolish promise. He promised to give her whatever she asked, even to the half of his kingdom. And the girl asked for the head of a good and great man. Then the king was exceedingly sorry. Yet because he had promised, and because he was afraid of what his friends would say if he broke his promise, he granted the girl's request, and John the Baptist was beheaded.

2. The other thing we have to remember is to *mean what we say*, to mean every bit of it, and to mean to carry it out.

Once upon a time a French sailor was caught in a storm. And he cried aloud to St. Christopher of Paris, promising that if the saint would save him he would give a candle as big as himself to be burnt before his statue in the great church in Paris.

'Be careful what you promise,' said a friend who was kneeling beside him, 'for I don't suppose you could pay for that candle if you sold all you possess.' 'Hold your tongue,' retorted the other rudely. Then he added—but in a whisper, lest the saint should overhear—'You don't suppose I shall give him so much as a tallow candle if I once get safely out of this!'

Now you are not going to play shabby tricks like that. You are not going to make promises that you have no intention of carrying out. Nor are you going to break your promise just because it is going to cost you a little pain or trouble to keep it.

One day a gentleman was walking along a country lane when he heard a sound of sobbing. On turning a corner he came upon a little girl crying as if her heart would break, while on the ground lay the shattered remains of an earthenware bowl that had contained her father's dinner. Well, the gentleman tried to comfort her as well as he could, and the little girl asked him if he couldn't mend the bowl. No, the bowl was past mending, but he would give her some pennies to buy a new one. When he took out his purse he found it was empty, but he promised to bring her

the money to that spot at the same hour the following day. So the little maiden dried her tears and went home smiling.

Next day at the appointed hour he was about to set out for the lane when a note was handed to him asking him to go to Bath at once to meet a friend who was spending a few hours in the town. He had not seen the friend for many years, he might not see him for many years to come, but—there was the child in the lane. She was counting on his coming, and a gentleman could not break his promise. So with regret he put the idea of going to Bath out of his mind and kept his promise. That man was Sir William Napier, a great historian.

This sermon seems to be all stories, so I shall give you one more.

You know that it is the custom for witnesses in a court of justice to swear a solemn oath on a Bible, that they will speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Some centuries ago an Italian poet called Petrarch was called as a witness into a court of justice. All the witnesses in front of him swore their oaths as usual, but when it came to Petrarch's turn the judge closed the book. 'As for you, Petrarch,' he said, 'your word is sufficient.'

Boys and girls, if we keep to our word always, people will believe in our word, and a 'yes' or a 'no' from us will be enough.

And that reminds me that we had almost forgotten the text, which would never, never do. You will find it in the fifth chapter of James and the twelfth verse—'Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay'—and that just means—'Say what you mean, and mean what you say, and stick to it.' Let your word be fixed like the elephant's tooth.

Treasures in the Sand.

'Hidden treasures of the sand.'—Dt 33¹⁹.

'Hidden treasures of the sand!' What does that remind you of? I expect it makes you think of shells and pebbles and polished pieces of glass turned up by your spade on the beach.

Shall I tell you what it reminds me of? It reminds me of the Culbin sands. Perhaps you have heard of them. They are great mounds or hills of sand which stretch for miles along the shores of the Moray Firth, near the mouth of the river Findhorn. You could lose yourself any

day among their many hollows. And, indeed, travellers who have seen both places tell us that they are a very good Scotch imitation of that famous Egyptian desert, the Sahara. They look such a desolate waste as you plod your way down one mound and up another, stopping only to empty your shoes at intervals, that you would never dream that underneath them lie hidden a fine old mansion-house and fifteen farms.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Culbin was one of the richest estates in that part of the country. Its land was so good and its crops were so heavy that it was known as 'the granary of Moray.' But the sand, driven by winds from the west, began gradually to creep up and cover the land. For twenty years it threatened; then one awful night in the year 1694 it blew so fiercely that the people who lived on the estate had to flee for their very lives. In the morning the storm had somewhat abated, but the next night it rose again, and by the following morning not a trace was left of houses or orchards or fields. They say that about a hundred years ago another storm blew away some of the sand which covers the old mansion, and for a little while its chimneys were seen rising above the waste. But ere long they were covered again, and from that day to this nobody has caught a glimpse of what was once Culbin.

But it isn't of the hidden treasures of the buried houses and fields I am reminded so much as of the treasures which even to-day you may pick up on the sands. The wind is constantly working on the mounds, moving and changing them. And as it sweeps over the hollows it uncovers treasures of old coins and old bronze ornaments. It also brings to light fragments of long unused implements for tilling the soil. It even turns up flint arrow-heads which were the weapons our forefathers used in the days when they were little better than savages. Hundreds of these treasures have found their way into museums and private collections, but they are still to be discovered *if you look for them in the proper place and in the proper way*. You won't find them by toiling breathlessly up and down the mounds, nor will you find them by poking holes in the sand with your walking-stick. What you must do is to go to the hollows between the hills—the beaches, as they are called. There the sand is harder and it is strewn with pebbles and crumbling pieces of shell. You must

search these beaches patiently inch by inch. If you do, you are pretty certain sooner or later to become the proud possessor of a real hidden treasure of the sand.

The last time I was on these sands I was with a party of fifty people who were there more or less to amuse themselves. Only two of the party found treasures. One was an elderly man who showed me a little bronze Celtic brooch, green with age, and told me that he never went to the Culbins without picking up something of value. The other was a boy of eleven, whose find was part of an old bronze sickle. He too was often on the sands and was a good seeker. So those two who knew how to look found the treasures.

Now that reminds me of something else, and it is this: there are heaps of hidden treasures in the sandy deserts of life if we only know how to find them. What do I mean by the sandy deserts of life? Well, I mean just the drudging, dreary, or disagreeable things that we meet in life. Can you name any of them? I can. What about those lesson books? A happy few of you no doubt find them interesting and delightful, but to most of us studying them is, like plodding over these endless sandhills, a very wearisome business. Ah! but the treasures are there, boys and girls. Just a little patience, a little determination to find them, and they will be yours—not one or two, but hundreds of them.

Then what about those disagreeable duties that we are constantly coming across? They are sands that we'd much rather avoid if we could. What about fetching and carrying for mother when we'd rather be playing cricket? What about darning stockings when we'd rather be reading a story book? What about brushing the boots when we are longing to wield a paint brush? What about cleaning the dinner knives when we'd rather be using another kind of knife to whittle a piece of wood? What about staying at home to let the rest of the family have a 'good time' when we are pining for a 'good time' ourselves? There don't seem many treasures to discover in these sands. Are there not? Why, if you do these disagreeable duties with a willing smile and a cheery word you have found two very big treasures straight away.

There's a third sandy desert some of us know only too well, and it is the desert called failure.

You know how you feel when you have tried your hardest—and miserably failed. For some days the whole world seems made of sand, and you wonder how other people can be so cheerful when you feel so depressed. Do you know that in the desert of failure lies hidden the treasure of success? The ‘trying hard’ which failed this time will succeed next time, or perhaps the next time after that, for it is ‘trying hard’ that wins success. And most great successes are just made out of previous failures.

‘Yes, and besides that, what we consider a failure may really prove a success. Some day perhaps we shall see that failure transformed. Let me tell you a story to show you what I mean.

Long ages ago, in that part of the world which we now call Arizona, there lived a magnificent tree, a regular giant of the forest. One day a terrific storm uprooted it and hurled it to the ground. There it lay a great helpless log; no more roots or branches could it grow. As a tree it seemed a dead failure. Many centuries later a man who was exploring those regions in search of precious metals found spanning a deep canyon or gorge forty-five feet wide a wonderful natural bridge of wood agate. It was our old friend the forest giant transformed by the age-long action of a special kind of water into a thing not only of use but of exquisite beauty.

So God sometimes takes our saddest failures and transforms them by His wonderful power into glorious and undreamt-of successes.

The Christian Year.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Brotherhood.

‘The brotherhood between Judah and Israel.’—Zec 11¹⁴.

Brotherhood is emerging in the thought of the world through a heightened estimate of personal values. More and more it is admitted that Brotherhood is not of the *body*, but of the *soul*; not of the pigments in the skin, white or black, but of the potencies of the conscience and heart, aspiration and will: not, indeed, in any way contingent on the accidents of corporeity, or geographical location, or the culture of the mind, or the contents of the purse, or the place in the strata of society, or theological creeds, or ecclesiastical relations; but on the capital fact that

‘a man’s a man for a’ that and a’ that,’ and that he is a *brother* man for a’ that, and in spite of everything apart from his essential soul. It is not merely that science shows us that many of our racial divisions are artificial and superficial and unreal; it is something much deeper. It is not a question of the *animal* at all, but of the spiritual and ethical, of the capacity for God, and for all God is, for the knowledge of truth, the love of beauty, and the practice of goodness.

1. Brotherhood is, in short, a supreme spiritual fact; an ultimate fact deeper than all the physical facts of life. ‘God is a spirit,’ said our Master, ‘and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth; for such the Father seeks to worship him.’ The Father seeks His child, seeks his spirit for fellowship; for man also is a spirit; and spirit with spirit can meet. As there is no corporeity in God, so it is not the corporeity that makes the man. He has a body, and life has a physical basis; but he himself is spirit, and functions through the body. The body is not the man, any more than the boat is the rower, though it is the means by which the rower moves along the river. So it is in the spirit that men are brothers; not in their blood, or their language; not in their racial qualities, as Jew or Gentile, Scythian or barbarian; not in their political status as bond or free.

Now the advent of that conception is critical, it marks a definite stage forward. There are revolutions, social and political, in that idea. It is packed full of dynamite. The energies that will make a new world are concealed in it. Set it fully to work in the markets, in society, in states and churches, and you will turn the world upside down, and bring a better era for humanity than most people dream of; the Kingdom of God will really come, and the City of God will be built as a city for man as man, and as God meant him to be when He made him a little lower than the angels—that is, only a little lower than Himself.

2. But brotherhood is ethical as well as spiritual, and achieves its highest and best, not from sentiment and sympathy, but from moral conviction. It is more than kindly help, the throb of pity and the outflow of compassion; it is an integral part of that world-righteousness which builds nations on enduring foundations, exalts them to dignity and greatness, enriches them with abounding

fruitfulness, places them in the divine order, and secures for them continuous prosperity. To realize the ideal of Brotherhood is righteousness; obedience to God and the discharge of the whole duty of man to man.

It is due to God. God claims it. Thou *shalt* love thy neighbour as thyself is an eternal law, and our Master gives that law a universal application. It is not, thou *mayst* be brotherly; but thou shalt. That is the command of God. Therefore brotherly love and service is loyalty to God, to the sovereignty of right in the relations of human life. Our Brotherhoods get their structure of force and reality from the illuminated conscience; that is, from the all-mastering conviction of duty to God.

Abraham Lincoln had no questions as to his duty to the slaves of the United States. He could not have. He must set them free. His mind was made up that the iniquitous system must be destroyed, and he said, 'If ever I get a chance to hit slavery I will hit it hard.' The chance came to him, and his conscience was ready. Necessity was laid upon him, and he struck so hard and so repeatedly that he lost his life in the contest; but he inflicted a blow from which slavery has not recovered, and never will.

It is that ethical element in brotherhood which has been victorious. Men have felt like Martin Luther—'Here I stand. I can no other.' And they have had strength to stand still in patient steadfastness, or to dash forward in conquering attack on behalf of what seemed impossible. Like Stephen, and his and our Master, they have loved their enemies and prayed for them that despitefully used them; like John Eliot, they have soared not only beyond their fears, but higher than their social and racial prejudices in brother service to those who had nothing to offer except their need and their human claims; like Shaftesbury and Gladstone, and many others, they have striven to give to the whole man, both in his personal activities and also to groups of men in industries and villages and cities and nations, those conditions and institutions and laws by which each single soul should have a free, full, and rich life, realized in and through the whole, and the whole itself should become an uplifting and ennobling influence on each. They have sought to free the land for the benefit of the character of those who dwell on it and till it; to get better housing be-

cause the home is a momentous factor in nourishing the virtue and building the manhood of the citizens, to prohibit the drink trade because that trade is the foe at once of the home and of the State, to shape legislation so that every statute shall make it easier to be and to do good, and more difficult to be and do evil; and to regulate and order the relations of nations to one another in such a way as to bring war to an end and inaugurate the reign of peace and goodwill for the peoples of the earth.¹

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Moderate Drinking.

'Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.'—
1 P 2¹¹.

We cannot assume the wrongness of drunkenness without further inquiry, however strong may be the conviction in our own minds, and however decisive for us as individuals the authority of the prophets, apostles, and moralists who have agreed in its denunciation. For we are met by a powerful body of opinion that merely to get drunk, apart from anything really wrong which one may do in that condition, is not only not wrong, but within limits even desirable. The cabman in *Punch*, who, when shown a man described by his benevolent lady fare as 'Very ill, poor man!' replied, 'I wish I had half his complaint,' represents a great number of people even to-day, who see nothing disgraceful in it. Though the tide of feeling is setting strongly against it now, it is not so long since it was perfectly compatible with the highest reputation. If G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc seem to be fighting a losing battle in favour of 'glorious beer' and its effects in the twentieth century, Dickens in the nineteenth carried the vast majority of his readers with him in his appreciation of convivial drinking to a point of what was undoubtedly intoxication, even though few have drawn so repellent a picture of the habitual drunkard in 'Mr. Dolls.' It is probable also that the setting of the tide against drunkenness as such is not wholly because of moral judgment; we have seen that the 'business argument' is very strong, objecting to the spoiling of men not so much as men, but as productive tools. There might easily be a moral reaction against this. It is clear we cannot take our stand merely on prevailing feeling

¹ Dr. J. Clifford in *World-Brotherhood* (ed. Basil Mathews).

or sentiment; there must be convincing reasons for moral as for medical or economic judgments. In fact, we are never safe in our own convictions until we not only know why we hold them, but why other excellent people take a different view.

1. First, then, why does the Apostle Paul, to take him as speaking the Christian judgment, lay it down so strongly that drunkenness is a bar to 'inheriting the kingdom of God'? This cannot be dismissed as a mere ecclesiastical threat, applying an artificial test as regards membership of a Church in this life, or entrance into a place called Heaven in the next. The Kingdom of God means the rule of God in human life, bringing men and women into such order and social relation that fulness of life, in all its powers and graces, is the result. Of course this implies a corporate society of those who are so ruled, and such an embodiment of the reign of God must have its being in some place or other, and at some time in this world, or what corresponds to place and time in what we call the 'next world.' But the kingdom, the reign, the rule of God is always described in terms of character; the ordering principles are Truth, Right, and Love, or Goodwill, and the resulting characteristics are such as love, peace, gladness, strength, etc. Now drunkenness has nothing in common with these. It is shown by strictest scientific test to obscure the vision, which is to conflict with truth; to pervert the judgment, which is to hinder the right; and to benumb the will, which certainly makes goodwill impossible.

It is significant for the Christian interpretation of our problem that in the list of the 'fruits of the spirit' the last place, from one point of view the culmination, is taken by *autarkeia*, self-control. In the wonderful symbolism of the Holy City, of heavenly origin but to be realized on earth, the coping-stone of the foundational virtues is *amethyst*, which means 'not drunken.' They are the positive and negative aspect of the same thing. Because inebriety is the solvent of self-control it is the foe of all society, human and Divine. Drunkenness in its nature excludes from membership, for the man who does not control himself is a danger to others, as well as incapable of taking his proper part in citizenship. In self-defence society has to treat him, not as a full citizen, but sometimes as a criminal, sometimes as a lunatic, sometimes as a child.

2. Secondly, how did it ever come about that a condition so alarming from its medical description and so repellent from the moral point of view and to the æsthetic sense of the onlooker should find not only a defence but a panegyric among people of repute? The answer is necessarily com-

plex. The distinction between occasional or convivial intoxication on the one hand, and chronic alcoholism on the other, undoubtedly supplies a part. To return to Dickens, it accounts for the attraction of Mr. Pickwick and the repulsion for 'Mr. Dolls.' Nowhere is there anything but abhorrence for those of whom the latter is an example. But this difference gives rise to a feeling of superiority on the part of those who can indulge in the 'divine madness' without incurring the bleared eyes and the shattered nerves. Chiefly, however, the sense of *euphoria* or well-being is responsible, with perhaps a considerable amount of resentment against a supposed ascetic view of life which leads to condemnation of others.

3. Let it be clearly stated that the fact that alcohol is agreeable to many, and that it produces a sense of *euphoria*, does not enter into the indictment; if it stood alone it would be a distinct point in its favour. Let it also be added that in so far as it relaxes those inhibitions which produce the unsociability of awkward self-consciousness and other impediments to good fellowship, it might well score more points in its favour, were there nothing else to be said. We would join with the apostle in declaring, 'Not that we have lordship over your faith, but are helpers of your joy.' Even if the action of alcohol were merely to negate pain, it would be good, for there is neither sense nor virtue in suffering without some positive good to be reached thereby. The trouble about the sense of well-being which alcohol affords is not only that it is fleeting and illusory, but that it is secured at too great a cost. As it only paralyses the sense of pain, it does nothing to make one really healthy; as it merely deadens worry, it neither removes the external object of anxiety nor builds up a strong and calm character; as it simply 'removes inhibitions,' it is valueless for positive self-control. And it actually stands in the way of the real well-being and consequent happiness, because by the nature of its action it masks the need of them, and weakens the will to take the necessary steps to secure them. This is putting it at the best, by supposing that true moderation is continually observed; there is also to be reckoned the persisting danger of excess. The true argument for personal abstinence, therefore, is founded upon the joy of well-being, not in any sense upon its despal.

4. So we come to the real question of what has

been called the *formative* action of moderate drinking as opposed to abstinence. What effect has it upon character? Here we have no statistics to help us. Many abstainers are undoubtedly finer in character than many moderate drinkers, but then the statement can be put the other way round with equal truth. What we really want to know is whether the same people lose or gain in character according as they abstain or drink in moderation. The case of communities such as the American States which have 'gone dry' might seem in favour of abstinence, but if any one contends that there is no greater moral improvement than is accounted for by the removal of the excessive drinkers, what can be said in reply? There is, however, one real point which the moderate drinkers have to meet. The scientific analysis of the action of alcohol has demonstrated that its very first destructive action is upon the higher and more recently acquired characteristics. The inference seems irresistible that the delicate appreciations of beauty, the finer sensitiveness to honour, the keener discrimination of truth, and the subtler workings generally of the soul must be in some degree blunted by the taking of alcohol in what is called moderation long before the damage becomes so marked as to be generally noticeable, and without bringing the taker into disadvantageous contrast with abstainers who had not acquired these characteristics to the same degree. It is the same man with or without alcohol we have to consider, not any man with and any other man without it. So the argument remains against moderate drinking on the score of its effect upon character, even though there be many moderate drinkers who are more lovable than many abstainers, until it can be shown that these drinkers would become less lovable if they also became abstainers.¹

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Christlikeness.

'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his lord.'—Mt 10²⁵.

There are three currents in every human life—inward, outward, and upward; and there were three currents in the human life of Jesus Christ. And we ask, What were the three keynotes of His life of service along these lines? For these must

¹ Will Reason, *Drink and the Community*.

be our keynotes. 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Lord.' Christlikeness can never be gainsaid. Our message is our character. And Christ says to you and me as He never said before: Through Me, God is your Father; in Me, ye are all brothers, and in My love go and serve your brother.

1. The first keynote in its application to *Himself* is just this: *Self-denial*. Jesus denied Himself. Of course He made, as Son of God and Revealer of the Father, certain tremendous and fundamental claims, but as man, brother, and servant He denied Himself. There is nothing self-assertive about the Carpenter of Nazareth. There is no egotism about Jesus, the Son of Mary. He denied Himself. 'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.' He was the Man who emptied Himself, who became as a servant of man and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. And it was that which gave Him the right to rule and to reign. 'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.'

2. And the second thought: What was the keynote of our Lord's service in regard to *others*? Again one word expresses it—*Self-sacrifice*. You cannot read the life of Jesus without realizing that that life was just one of unstinted generous Love; a life that was poured out like a drink-offering for others; a life that was the perfect illustration of His own marvellous statement: 'The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' And is not that the supreme need of to-day, as we look out over the world of men? Is not self-love the supreme problem of all of us?

You remember, probably, that striking illustration Canon Burroughs uses in one of his books, where he tells us the familiar story concerning London, how Sir Christopher Wren in 1666 prepared a great scheme for the reconstruction of London to centre in St. Paul's Cathedral, from which broad convenient thoroughfares would radiate in all directions. The plans were accepted, but never carried out. Why? Because of the selfishness of men. Because individual citizens insisted on having their own little houses in their own little plots, built exactly as they had been before. And as a result you have London with its crooked and narrow streets to-day, instead of broad highways radiating from a common centre.

3. And the last thought is this: What was the

keynote of our Lord's ministry in regard to God? Was it not *Self-surrender*? Jesus surrendered His life to God, and consequently His life was a Spirit-controlled life from first to last. That is the source of the stream; that is the secret of His self-denial and His self-sacrifice. And that must be your secret and my secret. Is that ideal too great? Does it seem too far above us? Remember that Divine precepts are backed up by Divine power. God's commands are His enablings, and all He wants is the surrendered life, that will allow Him to come in and take possession, and will therefore express itself in self-denial and self-sacrifice, thinking only of others, not of self.¹

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The Principle of Growth.

'Abide in me, and I in you.'—Jn 15⁴.

The origin of the Christian character is a new heart and a new spirit, and all development begins with that inward renewal, a renewal in the spirit of the mind. The culture of character may be attempted on other lines, prompted by different motives, dominated by independent models; but such culture is not Christian. Revelation teaches that character is based on a spiritual principle, a principle of life, and its growth in power and beauty implies a fuller expression of that life. It is therefore vain to seek the ennoblement of the outer life unless we are careful vigorously to maintain the interior life. 'I am the true vine . . . Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye, except ye abide in me.' Here, then, the vital truth is stated without theological or metaphysical verbiage; the principle of moral perfection is affiance in Christ. He is absolutely essential to the realization of all the high, far-off excellence of which we have an intuition and to which we sincerely aspire. In His presence we must dwell, His beauty contemplate, His merit trust, His love share, into His spirit drink, and in His steps we must follow. As the vine is *everything* to the branch, so fellowship with Christ is *everything* to the aspiring soul. 'I press on, if so be that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus' (Ph 3¹²).

John Gibson, the famous sculptor, writes thus in his diary: 'I renewed my visits to the Vatican. It is not to

criticize that I go there, but to seek instruction in my art, which the Greeks carried to perfection. Those few masterpieces which have come down to us, though I have dwelled upon them thousands of times, still at every new visit are contemplated by me with fresh wonder and admiration, such is the influence which anything perfect, both in design and execution, has upon the mind. Those grand works of the Greeks are ever new, and always produce fresh enchantment however often they may be surveyed.' Thus must we linger over the pages of the New Testament, contemplating closely and lovingly the living, speaking, active Jesus, whilst He grows upon us, more and more filling our imagination, mind, and heart. We can grow in strength and grace and blessedness only whilst this is our habit.

1. We must grow in the *knowledge* of Christ. To increase in the knowledge of Christ is to increase in the knowledge of God; He is the only true, saving, vivifying source of such knowledge. How prone we are to think that we *already* know Christ, when indeed we only know something about Him! There are many degrees of knowledge, and we have not fully learned Christ until we know Him and the power of His resurrection. The tourist who, guide-book in hand, hurries through the Vatican galleries, may flatter himself that he knows the immortal masterpieces, and for the rest of his life talk as if he did; but he does not know them as Gibson did, who had 'dwelt upon them' intently and sympathetically 'thousands of times.' Really, only Gibson knew them at all. So, if we are to attain to the knowledge of Christ, a thousand times must He engage our thought and affection, and each time it will be with fresh wonder and admiration.

2. We must grow in the *faith* of Christ. Accepting Him as 'the way, the truth, and the life,' it is essential that we confide increasingly in Him as such. Then in the midst of trouble and mystery our souls will experience a deeper calm, being content to ask Him fewer anxious questions. But having confessed our sin with the sighings of a contrite heart, let us once for all, and with growing conviction, shelter in His merit, trust in His grace, expect His utmost salvation; and as He has given us solemn assurances for the great future, we may with unshaken faith boldly face death and the grave, resting upon His word and promise. 'That we may be no longer children, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, in craftiness, after the wiles of error; but dealing truly in love, may grow up, in all things unto him, which is the head, even Christ' (Eph 4^{14, 15}). In his Second Epistle to the Thessa-

¹ W. J. Southam, in *World-Brotherhood*.

Ionians, St. Paul writes: 'We are bound to give thanks to God alway for you . . . for that your faith groweth exceedingly' (1⁸). Ever more deeply satisfied with the hope of the gospel, let us once attain this 'full assurance,' and to us the promise shall be fulfilled: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee' (Is 26³).

3. Lastly, we must grow in the *love* of Christ. How continually the apostles dwell upon this! To realize in our Saviour more vividly the goodwill of God to His creatures, His unfailing kindness and faithfulness, His eternal mercy and grace, until our heart glows responsively, this is to grow in the holiest passion of Divine love; and herein is plenty of room to grow. Shakespeare affirms:

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.

Yet most of us know even a human love in which this, happily, is not true; and as we apprehend more clearly the love and beauty of God in the face of Jesus Christ, we become conscious of an adoring affection that no kind of wick or snuff can abate, and in this white inextinguishable flame our soul and its felicity are perfected.¹

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Privately.

'And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.'
—Mk 6³².

Glancing at the New Testament, we see this adverb in close and almost sole association with two significant nouns—'mountain' and 'desert.' There, on 'the high mountain apart,' or in 'the desert place,' He appoints the trysting-place with the saints. Surely here is a holy hint that God embraces the extremes of life. This double trysting-place of mountain and desert is His own royal rebuke to the old lie that 'The Lord is God of the hills, but he is not God of the valleys.'

1. Watch Mark's first use of the word. The sent-ones have come back to the Sender. Where the word of the King had gone there had been power, and they who had seen much of man must now see much of the Master. So to the desert they must go—to Christ's retreat from the strife of tongues. That place of His Temptation is to be

¹ W. L. Watkinson, *The Shepherd of the Sea*.

the place of their rest; where the Christ was with the wild beasts, even there He gathers the lambs of His flock for rest (He 4⁹).

God hath His deserts broad and brown—
A solitude—a sea of sand,
Where He doth let heaven's curtain down,
Unknit by His Almighty hand.

To the desert, then, by ship they go; but as though to mock the idea of hermitic solitude, the crowd take the short cut by land, and lo, the desert is no longer desert!

What then? What, indeed, if not a feast, a table in the wilderness? He who was forty days and nights in the wilderness without bread will not let them go hungry an hour. For this invitation to come apart shows that Christ had resolved to feast them bountifully in the desert. They, who had no 'leisure so much as to eat,' must come apart to rest, and the resting consists in the feasting and the giving others to feast. Here, then, the Master teaches them the double lesson, that while to be apart privately is the soul's deepest need, it is no easy thing in this desert of life to get apart with Him.

2. But the Teacher must finish the lesson. He is the perfect Teacher, because He perfectly lives His own homily. Not even the apostles may break into His privacy. Disbanding the ranks of hundreds and ranks of fifties, He sends them away back again to the bustle of their towns, and even His own He constrains to depart in the ship to the other side. For He who so suffered this interruption of the desert-rest must needs show them how much to be prized above all life's prizes is aloneness with God. There jutting up into the blue sky is God's mountain, and what the desert denied Him of solitude the mountain afforded. 'He went up into a mountain privately to pray.' Here, then, He teaches where this word 'privately' first leads us. Not to the united prayer of saints, but to life's holiest of all—lone prayer on the lone mountain.

God hath His mountains bleak and bare,
Where He doth bid us rest awhile;
Craggs where we breathe a purer air,
Lone peaks that catch the day's first smile.

3. The next 'privately' is still the mountain; yea, a high mountain, and Christ on it with only three, and not twelve, of His own. He does not

go where they may not come, and He would thus lead them into His own way of living life. They must know Him on the mountain as they could never know Him in the desert. 'He bringeth them up into a high mountain' privately, and was transfigured before, alas, not them all, only three, and so suggestively three too! Here is Divine irony indeed. For in all ages, not even in the ratio of three in twelve, has Christ been a transfigured Christ to His own.

4. Pursuing the track of this adverb, we see unity of design, and find ourselves among the same apostles who come 'privately' to their Lord with the powerless query: 'Why could we not cast him out?' 'We' is the emphatic, for who are these, if not those who came back rejoicing that even the devils were subject to them? 'We, oh, we! Where is our old-time power?' What a private affair this is! How often we publicly lament our impotence when the remedy is all in our private life. The question they ask in secret is, however, answered by Christ on the housetops for the Church in all ages to hear: 'Because of your unbelief.' Ah, no wonder the power is lost! Power means publicity as to its exercise, and as

night wars with day, so publicity wars with privacy.

5. And, granted the power bestowed, what so necessary as the last use of our adverb? There are about to be left on this earth the chosen custodians of Christ's truth. From their lips and pens will come anon the Divine 'form of sound words,' and they, in turn, will transmit the same as a Divine unit to faithful men who will be able also to teach others. How necessary then for them, as for all of us, to spurn human creeds, and approach Christ privately on the matter of His own teaching. 'The disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us when these things shall be.' Not to particularize prophecy (though well we might), how little, indeed, is Christ permitted to preach His own truth privately to His own! Nay, He is not spicy enough for itching ears, and the public ministry of the Word often supersedes such private Divine tuition as He loves to give. Yet as now, so in all ages, the greatest need is to be in private audience of our God, that the good Word of promise may be fulfilled in us: 'They shall be taught of God.'¹

¹ Dan Crawford, *Thirsting after God*.

Temptation.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN W. DIGGLE, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ONE of the chief difficulties connected with the problem of temptation arises from the double sense in which the word is used, especially in the Bible. The word 'tempt' is almost equivalent to 'attempt.' Its radical meaning is to test, or try, or prove. At its root, therefore, 'temptation' is practically synonymous with 'probation.' But a subsidiary implication is often attached to it; and the testing is accompanied by a motive, either the motive to incline and strengthen the will-to-good, or to incline and allure it to evil. God often tempts in the former sense, never in the latter; Satan constantly in the latter, and never in the former. When God tempted Abraham, the purpose was by the trial of his faith to establish and exalt it: when the devil tempted our Lord, the purpose was to undermine His faith and destroy it. God's temptations are as the furnaces of the refiner which purge away the

dross and purify the gold; the devil's temptations are as the baits of the gambler who by illusions of gain ensnares his victims in inevitable, sometimes irretrievable, loss.

Our Lord's life was one continuous series of temptations, at times by God through the instrumentality of Pharisees and Sadducees and lawyers; at times by the devil when He was weary and lonely and misunderstood by His disciples, and in other ways. In His great temptation in the wilderness both God and the devil had a share. He was led up by the Spirit to be tempted for His triumph, and tempted by the devil to secure His defeat.

Whatever view we adopt of this Great Temptation, whether we regard it as history or as parable, in any case it is biography and its teachings are the same. It was a threefold temptation applied to the tripartite human nature of the Very Man, Jesus

Christ, to His body, soul, and spirit. Hunger opened the way for the trial of His bodily appetites ; the desire to win the world for the reign of righteousness opened the way for the trial of His soul ; and the joy of leaning on angels sent by His Father for the trial of His spirit. All these trials were very real. The fact that in Christ was no sin did not mitigate their severity. With regard to the first temptation, hunger is the same in all men, whether good or bad. With regard to the other two temptations, the nobler and more spiritual men are, the stronger and more attractive these temptations become. Nor have we any indication that either Christ's divinity or His sinlessness was assistant to His withstanding these temptations. He met them in that manhood which was capable of trial in all points like unto ours, although without sin. Otherwise His example would have had neither meaning nor message for us. As in Gethsemane and on the Cross, so also in the wilderness, Christ was tempted in His manhood, not in His divinity ; and His sinlessness, if it affected His temptations, only added keenness and sharpness to their severity. Moreover, it should be remembered as a kind of set-off, so to speak, to Christ's sinlessness that He had no help, so far as the records relate, from the Holy Ghost who in our temptations is ever at hand to aid and encourage us. He Himself tells us how and by what means He successfully resisted, and His tale is evidently meant to teach that all men may, if they will, by the same means also resist. The first temptation He conquered through the conviction that life is more than livelihood ; the second through the determination never to use evil means for the attainment of any end, however good ; and the third through the confession that, although God may righteously tempt man, yet man can never righteously tempt God.

The temptation of Jesus Christ is the most illustrious of all examples of the avenues through which temptations approach men, as also the most effectual means of resisting them. But neither it nor any knowledge which we possess of our own or other temptations completely solves the great riddle of temptation. Temptation and probation, like the existence of evil and the origins or beginnings of things, seem to baffle the capacities of human understanding. They are too high for us to reach, too deep for us to fathom, too broad for us to measure. No searching can fully find them out. Yet we are not altogether in the dark about

them. We cannot tell either when or how things were created ; but reason assures us that they had a Creator with a definite mind and will, and that they did not fortuitously happen into such beautiful and orderly results, and faith reveals to us that this Creator was God, the All-Father. Similarly with the origin and existence of evil. We do not know whence it came or exactly what its power and purposes are. But we do know that evil is neither almighty nor supreme in the world. It is always the enemy, yet often the unwilling cause, of noble consequences. As Shakespeare has said :

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

As the resistance of friction in matter promotes movement, so in morals the resistance of evil often strengthens and quickens the progressive march of good. We cannot, of course, positively declare that the presence of evil, and the conflict resultant therefrom, are necessary to the production of the highest good. The complete interpretation of the great mystery of the incessant strugglings and strivings which so manifestly abound in the earth has not been unfolded to us. But biologists tell us that it is through their struggle for existence that all higher forms of life have been evolved from lower forms. And everybody knows that an athlete can never be developed from indolent comfort or cushioned ease ; or a great intellectual without ardent study and persevering effort ; or a moral giant from a child's ignorance and innocence ; or a hero without adventure and risk ; or a splendid saint through merely singing hymns. These facts are not of the nature of explanations, but they are of universal occurrence, and, although they tell us nothing of the origin of evil, they clearly teach us how to deal with it. They bid us in the arenas of resistance to win good from it. Temptations are our opportunities for practising this resistance and thus reaping its beneficent results.

Temptations take many forms, some joyous, others grievous. The joyous are the most deadly and difficult to resist. Our Lord warned us of the deadliness of pleasant temptations when He told us how hard it is—and indeed it is very hard—for the rich, whether in money or in intellectual or social talents, to enter into the kingdom of heaven, *i.e.* of sovereignty over self, royal service to their fellows, and dutiful allegiance to God. The devil is never so dangerous as when he comes in the disguise of an

angel of light, or a patron of privilege, or a bestower of power and popularity. Sin is never so attractive as when it is sugared over with pleasure and prosperity, nor are temptations ever so strong as when they are sweet.

This is one of the greatest of all the perplexities in which the problem of temptation is entangled. The ancients failed to grasp the primal elements of the problem. They supposed that prosperity was an evidence of the divine favour and therefore of spiritual safety. Christ went down much deeper into the problem and contradicted this supposition. He never taught that either wealth or poverty, in and of itself, is an evidence of the divine favour, any more than He taught that health and happiness are the portion of the elect, and pain and suffering are the castaway. But what He never failed to emphasize was the fact that it was harder for the contented and comfortable than for the weary and heavy-laden to resist temptation, to flee from the devil, and to seek their refuge and find their rest in God.

Experience proves this to be true; and reason, although it cannot wholly explain, yet can partly account for the fact. The prosperous man can largely rely for succour in times of need upon the fruits of his prosperity. People flock around him with their consolations and their sympathy. Flattering hopes allay his fears and social anodynes keep his conscience quiet. No external pressure has ever compelled him to face the problems of evil and pain, of suffering and penury. The fullness of bread has caused an emptiness of mind. He is troubled with no speculations concerning either God or man, death or the after life. He has practised not resistance to, but acquiescence with, his sensuous self and the sensuous world. Spiritually he is more dead than alive, and therefore, when temptations assail him, he has no strength to withstand them and falls before their assault an easy prey.

It is altogether otherwise with the man whom the stress of pain and suffering and want has forced to face the problems of life. Sometimes, perhaps often, even he gives up the problems, not indeed through self-satisfied apathy, but in utter despondency and despair. They baffle and defeat him. He is neither big enough nor strong enough to battle with and conquer them. But it is far from always so. In struggling with poverty, pain, suffering, and sorrow the wrestler gains spiritual

strength. He learns to look away from himself and up to God, and the longer and more steadily he looks up the clearer and brighter his vision becomes; till at length through the clouds and mists of his hardships and griefs he plainly perceives the loving face of the shining God, enters His Kingdom, and is at rest in peace. The trials, or probations, or temptations of God have prepared and enabled him to resist the temptations of the evil one. This aspect of the problem of temptation, the way and the force with which divine temptations are always calculated to strengthen men, and in countless instances have strengthened them, to resist and overcome devilish temptations, supplies one of the most promising keys for its solution. Given a world in which evil exists and sin abounds, there would appear to be no hope for its redemption, no way of salvation, except through sweat and suffering and sacrifice; for experience proves demonstrably that the chastisements, the trials, and the temptations of God are the surest, if not the only, means for combating, controlling, and conquering the temptations of the devil.

This seems to be both the final cause and the explanation of the life and death of Jesus Christ. Whatever else may be doubtful in the problems of evil and sin and pain and suffering, there can be no doubt whatever, assuming that the New Testament is a narrative of facts and not a mass of fictions, that the most divine and perfect Man who has ever lived submitted Himself, and submitted Himself voluntarily, to the most virulent and severe temptations which evil and sin, pain, poverty, and suffering, all combined, were able to inflict. If His life was an ideally perfect life, then it follows that temptations are essential elements in such a life. If His life was divinely human, then temptation is a divinely ordered factor in a completely human life. We cannot by speculative searchings fathom or solve the mystery. But if Christ is a fact, then the necessity of temptation to human perfectness is a fact also. Some other mysterious things are likewise facts. Christ's great temptation is recorded as immediately following after the baptismal descent of the Holy Ghost upon Him out of the opened heavens. Temptation, therefore, is a sign not of the absence but of the presence of God; not of heavens shut but of heavens opened. There appears always to have been some close relation between the triumphs and

the temptations of Christ, as if the one naturally grew out of the other. His mighty works were frequently attended by the trial of displays of unbelief in Him. The glorious confession of Simon Peter's faith in His Messiahship was accompanied by the miserable disappointment of realizing how little of true understanding that confession contained. He descended from the glories of the Transfiguration to encounter the grief of His disciples' lack of faith. The Eucharistic Prayer, in which He revealed His oneness with His Father, was followed by the agony in Gethsemane and the broken-hearted cry from the Cross: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' This intimacy of relation between spiritual triumph and spiritual trial or temptation is very remarkable. What does it mean? Does it mean that triumph is a strengthening prelude to temptation, or that temptation imparts chastening and solidity to triumph? Both our temptations and our triumphs are part of the great riddle of our life.

Remarkable also is the close connexion between temptation and joy, trial and gladness. As triumph often precedes temptation, so temptation is often followed by bliss—not merely blessing, but bliss. Everybody is aware, either from his own experience or from the experience of others, of the blessings of the temptations or trials sent by God. 'Before I was afflicted I went wrong, but now do I keep thy law' (Ps 119⁶⁷). Chastenings cleanse, strengthen, purify character; beautify, sweeten, exalt conduct. Who ever came across a really fine and noble person who all through life had been an utter stranger to suffering and sorrow, grief and pain? The problem of pain and evil is profound, but the fact that, contrary to expectation, yet confirmed by the experience of all those who confront them as Christ did, they work an exceeding weight of glory is indubitable. Confronted in an evil spirit, temptations of every kind bring forth evil; confronted in a good spirit, even the temptations of the devil bring forth good, blissful good. Sorrow is turned into joy, mourning into felicity, ashes into beauty, as the seed is turned into the flower and the flower ripens into the fruit. It is no mere catchy saying but a profound truth: 'No cross, no crown.' Affliction works strength, spiritual strength, a peace passing understanding and inexpressible raptures such as we do not find wrought by any other means. Great is the mystery of evil and temptation and trial and probation;

but greater still is the mystery of the good which often springs from evil, the triumph from temptation, the bliss from trial, the power from probation.

The production of these fruits is a convincing evidence that temptation of itself is not of the nature of sin. Sin brings forth death. Temptation resisted, and not dandled or yielded to, brings forth fresh life and strength. Besides, God can be tempted both in the sense of being put to the test and in that of being grieved and tried; therefore, temptation is not necessarily of the nature of sin. We are, indeed, commanded not to tempt or test the Lord our God; although, if the stories of Gideon and Elijah and Hezekiah are veritable histories, God does occasionally allow, and approve of, His being tested. He guides the lot cast into the lap. But ordinarily, and as a rule of life, these temptings or testings of God are profane and pernicious. But in the sense of being tried and grieved God suffers Himself to be tempted every day. Every man at some time or other must be a great trial to God by the foolishness of his thoughts, the idleness of his words, the unworthiness of his deeds, the hardness of his heart, and the commission of sins. Here is a problem immeasurably surpassing in perplexity that of the temptations of man, namely, the temptations of God. There are no sorrows like His sorrows, no griefs like His, no pains like His. In all—not some, but all—our afflictions He is afflicted. The Incarnate God, although without sin, yet in all points was and is tempted and tried as we are. As the omnipotence of God neither destroys the existence of evil nor stops its ravages among men, so it does not—and that because it must work in harmony with His other attributes—stop the griefs of God, annul His pains, or shorten His sufferings. These unspeakable temptations and trials of God create in Him an infinite sympathy, an unfathomable pity, an ineffable love. Displayed in all their unsearchable riches on the Cross, they are the secret of the ever-growing power and the ever-deepening attraction of Jesus Christ.

These considerations shed some light on the darkness of the problem of temptation, although they are far from wholly dispelling it. It is doubtful whether it ever will be wholly dispelled in man's present stage of life and under the obvious limitations of his present capacities. We can, however, clearly see that, unless man had been

free to do wrong, there would have been no moral worth in his choosing to do right. Even the morality of God, we may reverently believe, depends on the complete freedom of His will. Such necessity of always being righteous and never sinning as is laid upon God must be a self-determined necessity, else no moral valuation could be attached to it. Similarly with man, made in the image of God. He is not a machine or a plaything of fate. He is a moral and responsible being, free, therefore, to choose between evil and good. The sphere of this choice is the sphere of temptation. Creatures not free cannot be endowed with choice; but it is in the exercise of choice alone that temptation can find its opportunity. To infuse worthfulness into the choice of good, freedom to choose evil must accompany it. As Schiller perhaps somewhat extravagantly, yet with essential truthfulness, sings:

God, not to mar the glorious form of Freedom
Suffers that the hideous hosts of evil
Should run riot in His Creation.

Treated merely as a speculation, whether by poets, philosophers, or prophets, the problem of temptation takes us completely out of our depth; treated, however, as a practical matter, it is plain and easy enough. Whatever be the origin of evil, our duty is either to fight against it or to flee from it. Only one course is open to any man for dealing with the temptations of the devil if he wishes to develop his nobler nature, and that is the course adopted by Christ, while with regard to the temptations sent by God we should unceasingly pray that He will never lead us into any temptations beyond our strength to resist and bear, and that in temptations of every kind He will deliver us from their evil and develop in us their possibilities of eliciting and strengthening good.

Entre Nous.

It is a pleasure to be able to say, after thirty years, that THE EXPOSITORY TIMES is still holding its own. The year just finished has been the most prosperous (apart, of course, from the difficulties due to the cost of production) in its existence. And more expressions of appreciation have been received than in any previous year.

Speaking last month of *The Children's Great Texts of the Bible*, we said that 'Virginibus Puerisque' in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES (where a few of them have been published) and the 'Notes' seemed to be the most popular features of the magazine. A correspondent who has just written, seems to prefer the 'Literature.' He says: 'I am especially interested in the reviews of books. I depend largely on the reviews to help me to decide what to purchase.' He goes on to say: 'I have noticed in your reviews lately several books published by the Methodist Book Concern. I take it that they are published in America. I wrote to Messrs. Simpkin Marshall & Co. and asked them if they could secure the books for me, but they replied to the effect that they were not agents for these publishers. Is it too much to ask you where I can

secure these books?' We shall try to get an answer in time for the December issue.

The Saturday Review for October 9 contains a leading article on *The Children's Great Texts*. The writer of the article found the three published volumes on his desk, looked into them, and was arrested by their freshness and appropriateness. He read on, and then: 'We frankly and promptly confess that we have found these volumes in every sense charming and exactly what such books should be. There are between seventy and eighty addresses in each, the average length of each address being about twelve hundred words. The text is happily chosen and is expounded with a wealth of every sort of suitable comment and an absence of every kind of dogmatic and ecclesiastical pride, exceedingly unusual and extremely refreshing. Each has its heading—"Paper Boats," "Keeping a Diary," "Get up Early," "Playing the Man," "Money Boxes," "A Spider's Web," and so on, and there is not one from which we might not quote most pleasantly. Take, quite at random, for example, the address on "Bird-nesting" in the first volume. The text is Deuteronomy xxii. 6, 7, and runs as follows:—

"If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, with young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, but the young thou mayest take to thyself; that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

'It does not need much imagination to picture the lively interest with which, on a day in May, an audience of young countryfolk, boys particularly, would listen to a little sermon on such a text as that! And really how pleasantly Dr. Hastings delivers himself:—

"It may be that the Israelitish boys knew the little lapwings' nests which are found in a hollow by the side of a marsh. Perhaps they thoughtlessly scattered the eggs, or perhaps Mr. Lapwing—artful little bird that he is!—lured them away from it with the wonderful antics with which he and his ancestors, generation after generation, have protected their nests. For Mr. Lapwing is the real defender of his nest. The mother bird is generally so frightened that she flies away. But when an enemy approaches, the male lapwing practises the tricks his father taught him. Gradually moving farther and farther away from where the precious eggs are, he turns a number of somersaults, or he does other equally extraordinary things. The onlooker becomes so interested that the nest is forgotten, and the lapwing's end is gained. It may be, too, that this same experience of having to defend themselves for centuries is the explanation of their pathetic cry."

'That may not read like an extract from a paper before the Linnæan Society, but it surely has the air of being an enthralling sermon for youngsters. And then the preacher proceeds, not only to point his moral of the cruelty and cowardliness of bird-nesting in May, of the rights of the birds as fellow-creatures, and of love in little as well as in big things as Christ's great commandment, but also to adorn his tale by quoting George MacDonald's pretty verses, "A brown bird sang in a blossomy tree," with which, no doubt, many of our readers are familiar.'

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Ability.

In the year 1882 Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin, published a book on *The Decay of Modern*

Preaching. He gathered the reasons for the decay into three groups, historical, social, and personal. And first among the personal causes he placed the want of Ability. He called it 'the greatest and most constant cause.'

I.

What did Mahaffy mean by Ability? Broadly speaking, there are two kinds. There is practical or administrative ability, and there is imaginative or reasoning ability. Evidently he meant the latter. No doubt, he says, 'the majority of mankind is wanting in this quality; the average of intellect is low, and most people are very dull; but when we find so many men professing to teach from the pulpit who are totally unable to frame a sustained argument—nay, more, unable to understand it when put before them—we cannot but conclude that the abler young men of our day do not adopt this profession, and that our preachers, as a body, are below even the average in intellect.' Then he records this experience: 'I remember very well—indeed painfully well—a class of divinity students which I instructed in the Epistle to the Romans, and after labouring a whole term with all possible care, and making them go over the argument, and write it out, and rehearse it, they confessed to me in a body at the end of the term that they had made no advance in it whatever, for that *none of them was able to follow an argument*. They were not many—eight, I think—and such a case only occurred to me once in many years' teaching; but in every year there were some men of this kind—men who deliberately adopted the profession of religious teaching, with the consciousness that they could not possibly understand what they had to teach. They were, in fact, adopting this profession because they were too dull for any other.'¹

Mahaffy's opinion is not singular. The humorous anecdotes about the stupid member of the family being sent into the Church are plentiful and widespread. Is it true?

Professor Mahaffy himself allows two exceptions. 'There are creeds or sections or churches, like the Dominican Order, and the Free Church of Scotland, in which ability in the pulpit leads to great eminence and a high public position.' Professor Franklin W. Fisk, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, demands that the United States of

¹ J. P. Mahaffy, *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, 51.

America be also excluded. After quoting Mahaffy's experience with the eight students, he says: 'We confess to some doubt whether this fact reflects more upon those theological students than upon their instructor. Certain it is, that no such statement could be justly made respecting any class of students in our American Theological Seminaries. They are, as a body, not a whit inferior in intellect to the young men who throng into the legal and medical professions.'

Professor Stalker (who belongs to Mahaffy's Free Church, now called the United Free Church of Scotland) goes further than that. He believes that *the ordinary minister* has become a minister because of the recognition of unusual powers. 'The first consciousness of the possession of unusual powers is not unfrequently accompanied by an access of vanity and self-conceit. The young soul glories in the sense, probably vastly exaggerated, of its own pre-eminence and anticipates, on an unlimited scale, the triumphs of the future. But there is another way in which this discovery may act. The consciousness of unusual powers may be accompanied with a sense of unusual responsibility, the soul inquiring anxiously about the intention of the Giver of all gifts in conferring them. It was in this way that Jeremiah was affected by the information that special gifts had been conferred on him. He concluded at once that he had been blessed with exceptional talents in order that he might serve his God and his country with them. And surely in a gifted nature there could be no saner ambition than, if God permitted it, to devote its powers to the ministry of His Son.'

Mr. Silvester Horne agrees. He recalls the case of Henry Martyn. There are always some people who argue that men of the first rank in intellectual power are thrown away on evangelistic missions, either to the depraved of their own land, or to the habitations of heathenism. As they watch the academic career of a Henry Martyn till he fulfils the highest ambition of a mathematical scholar at Cambridge University, wins the University prize for Latin composition, is appointed a Fellow of his College, and then dedicates his talents to the mission field, they cry in protest, 'To what purpose is this waste?' But they do not tell us by what means, or in what career, those brilliant parts of Henry Martyn might better have been unified

and consecrated and employed for the welfare of humanity.

II.

Is intellectual ability essential in the ministry? To the preacher, the successful preacher, Mahaffy holds that it is essential. 'No other quality,' he says, 'will make a man an effective teacher of those superior to him in intelligence. They may follow him for the novelty of his doctrine, or the firmness of his character, or the piety of his life; but when he shocks their intellects by want of common sense, or by a display of bad logic,—in fact, as soon as they feel that he is stupid,—he will generally fail to reach their hearts or stir them to higher and purer lives.'¹

Professor Blaikie agrees, in a measure. 'A certain amount and form of *intellectual* ability must be regarded as a requisite for the ministry of the Word. There must evidently be a certain capacity of *intellectual acquirement*. No man is qualified for the office of the ministry (except in cases of great rarity, where other qualifications are extraordinary) who is incapable of furnishing himself with the ordinary branches of theological knowledge, to whom Greek and Latin are but unknown tongues, philosophy a region of mist and cloud, theological discussion a battle-field of hard words, and the history of the Church a mere labyrinth of facts and conflicts, schisms and heresies, that no memory can carry and no brain digest. There must be some capacity to feel at home in such walks, because in these times especially, when speculation is so much in vogue, when educated laymen are often so much in need of guidance, when the library of every Mechanics' Institute has its complement of sceptical works, when young tradesmen and ploughmen are becoming familiar with the infidel arguments of the day, it were presumption in any one to aspire to the office of a spiritual guide who did not know more about these subjects than his people, and who was not better qualified to discuss them.'²

But Professor Fisk altogether denies the necessity. Mahaffy, he says, 'is arguing against the ordering of Divine Providence. For God has made comparatively few men of superior intellect, and hence, if the masses of the people are to have the gospel preached to them, they must hear it chiefly from

¹ J. P. Mahaffy, *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, p. 54.

² W. G. Blaikie, *For the Work of the Ministry*, p. 21 f.

men of ordinary mental endowments. And such, from the first, have been largely the men who have been successful in preaching the gospel. Among the Apostles themselves, there were apparently men of only ordinary intellectual capacity, and such have generally been the ministers of the gospel all through the ages of the church till now. While, therefore, the rarest abilities will find full scope for their exercise in the pulpit, young men of only fair mental capacity, provided they have other essential qualities, need not shrink from entering the ministry. The young preacher of only average ability, who will address himself manfully to his work, using all the helps that God gives him, will succeed.¹

Why, asks Thomas Boston, 'why shouldst thou be so much discouraged (as many times is the case), because thy gifts are so small, and thou art but as a child in comparison of others? Why, if Christ will, he can make thee a fisher of men, as well as the most learned rabbi in the church. Ps viii. 2, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength." Yea, hast thou not observed how God owned a man very weak in gifts and made him more successful than others that were far beyond him in parts? Has not God put this treasure in earthen vessels, that the power might be seen to be of him? Lift up thyself then, O my soul, Christ can make thee a fisher of men, however weak thou art. Follow thou him. My soul desires to follow hard after thee, O God?'²

Mr. Stephen Graham, who has written a whole fascinating book on the 'ideal priest,' ranks intellectual ability far below the Christ life. Among other features, 'he was an able and eloquent speaker, though that does not necessarily mean much. There are many who are able and eloquent. Mere ability and eloquence do not save. Moreover, the merely able and eloquent speaker is not sought by the right sort of people. His success is relatively barren. But when the Christ life has been born in the priest, when the gleam of another world is seen in his garments, there come out of the dull depths of voiceless humanity new types of listeners, the carriers of the divine message.'³

'Many years ago,' says Professor Jackson, 'it was the writer's privilege to hear Dr. A. B. Bruce defend himself in the annual Assembly of his Church against those who had attacked the teaching contained in his book, *The Kingdom of God*. Some of the speakers in the debate had complimented him on the "intellectual vigour" of his book. This was his reply: "I thank them for the compliment. But I must take leave to say that it is a small thing to me in connexion with such a work, to be complimented on my ability. The question is, Have I seen Christ and helped others to see Him? I would rather be one of the "babes" to whom the things of the Kingdom were revealed than one of the "wise and prudent" from whom they were hid. I would rather be one of the "unlearned and ignorant" men who, through companionship with Jesus, had become imbued with His spirit than one of the Sanhedrin who, with all their learning, could see in Jesus and His companions only a band of bold, lawless, dangerous men, to be got rid of as soon as possible. I have been trying all my life to see Jesus, and to show Him; and if I have failed it will be small consolation to be told that I have written with considerable ability." But he had not failed. Seventeen years later one of the most gifted of Edinburgh's preachers published his first volume of sermons. The dedicatory page bore these words: "To the dear memory of . . . Alexander Balmain Bruce, through whom, to many and to me also, was disclosed the glory of the Son of God." "To see Jesus and to show Him," so to see and so to show Him that through us may be disclosed to many the glory of the Son of God—is it not to this end that the preacher is born, to this end that he came into the world?'⁴

But there is in the Ministry the opportunity for the exercise of ability. Says Dr. Dale: 'I believe in the duty of consecrating to the exposition and defence of Divine truth every faculty and resource which the preacher may happen to possess. There is no power of the intellect, no passion of the heart, no learning, no natural genius, that should not be compelled to take part in this noble service. The severest and keenest logic, the most exuberant fancy, the boldest imagination, shrewdness, wit, pathos, indignation, sternness, may all contribute to the illustration of human duty and of the author-

⁴ G. Jackson, *The Preacher and the Modern Mind*, p. 188 f.

¹ F. W. Fisk, in *Current Discussions in Theology*, ii. 281.

² T. Boston, *A Soliloquy on the Art of Man-Fishing*, 20.

³ Stephen Graham, *Priest of the Ideal*, p. 311.

ity and love of God. If the heavens declare God's glory, if fire and hail, snow and vapour, and the stormy wind fulfil His word, if all His works praise Him, then the loftiest heights of intellectual majesty, the most dazzling intellectual splendours, every brilliant constellation in the firmament of genius, the lightnings and tempests of noble and eloquent passion may also praise the Lord and show forth His excellent greatness.'

APHORISMS.

Captain-Jewels (2s. 6d. net), one of Messrs. Harrap's 'Choice Books,' contains seven hundred Aphorisms, gathered and strung by Charles J. Whitby, M.D. It is an extremely attractive little book. As for its contents, one page will be the best persuasive :

575. **Incredible.**—No reasonable being can believe in a just and all-powerful God. The moment he does so he ceases to be a reasonable being.—Louise Gerard, *Life's Shadow-Show*.

576. **Heaven, Hell, and the World.**—Heaven is the work of the best and kindest men and women. Hell is the work of prigs, pedants, and professional truth-tellers. The world is an attempt to make the best of both.—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

577. **God is Love.**—I dare say. But what a mischievous devil Love is!—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

578. **Specialists.**—God and the Devil are an effort after specialization and division of labour.—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

579. **Christianity.**—Christianity is a woman's religion, invented by women and womanish men for themselves.—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

SOME TOPICS.

Never mind me.

One day Bishop Moorhouse was sitting in his study in Melbourne when the door burst open, and an agitated voice from a young servant who rushed into the room, exclaimed—

'Oh, my Lord! the cook has gone down into the pit!'

'What on earth do you mean?' cried the Bishop, starting from his seat to follow her out of the room.

True enough, the cook had made an unexpected descent. In walking across the kitchen carrying a heavy dish, an old board on which she stepped suddenly gave way under her weight, and she fell to the bottom of a dry well underneath. There she lay in great pain till her cries brought the kitchenmaid to her aid. Fortunately the Rev.

A. Wodehouse, Chaplain to the Bishop, was at hand, and he bravely undertook the rescue. He cleverly managed to make the descent, and, with the help of a rope and a ladder, to lift the poor woman from her dangerous situation. It was found that both her legs were broken. But notwithstanding the pain, the first words the heroic creature said on reaching the top were an order to the kitchenmaid, 'Never mind me, but get the Bishop's lunch.' The Bishop was very far from 'never minding.' He was much distressed, especially when he learnt that one of her legs would have to be amputated. He undertook all expenses, saw that she was properly nursed and tended, and on her recovery presented her with a handsome cheque, with which she could set herself up with a chicken-run.

A Person not an Idea.

Edward Carpenter, in his *Art of Creation*, says: 'There are thousands and thousands round us to whom the figure of Christ, say, is an intense, a living, and an actually present reality. It is difficult to suppose that all these people are merely deceiving themselves.' That is true and well said, but he goes on: 'It is a thing of the same character as the deities of olden time.' The whole point, however, is that it is *not* of the same character, that while Christ does represent and gather up all that men found in the deities of olden time, He is not an idea, or the summary of profound feelings, or an 'apparition of the Race Life,' but a Person actually manifested in time, in the conditions of human life. No one supposes that Pan, or the Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gita*, is such a person. He whom men had desired and sought and found—in measure—under all these forms was now fully manifested in a human life, revealing the true nature and purpose of God *in personal and moral terms*. It is in this that His uniqueness consists.¹

We learn in Suffering.

'There was once a poet so sensitive to beauty that he could hardly live, and he sought retirement and isolation from the confusion of the world. In a quiet place he came upon a cherry tree in blossom, and, trembling with delight, he took a house on a hill opposite the field in which it grew. For ten years he lived opposite the cherry tree,

¹ G. B. Robson, *The Kingship of God*, 113.

and every spring when its white blossom was flung out against the blue sky he cried within himself: "How beautiful!" But no poem came of his reaction to its beauty, and at last he wearied of it and of himself, for his spirit was sick with the sickness of the world in which he lived. He journeyed then to a far country, and there he met a lady who had suffered much, so that there was a rare beauty in her, and this too he loved, to the lady's amusement, for she had loved and knew the ways of God and man. Yet to the love that was in her she could not admit him until a great grief came upon her and this to its very depths she showed him. Suffering with her suffering, hurt with her hurt, losing with her loss, he lay like one stunned and longed for the peace of his old isolation, whereat, remembering the cherry tree, he began to tremble. Its beauty lived in him, and at last, his spirit, like the cherry tree, burst into blossom, into white blossom against the blue sky, and at last into love, and into that poetry which is the music of love.

The writer is Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the book *The Release of the Soul* (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). It is not an easy book to read: the quotation made is scarcely representative of its clearness. But it is for thoughts and will pay back handsomely.

Conscience.

The Swarthmore Lecture for 1920 was delivered by Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. The subject was *The Nature and Authority of Conscience* (Swarthmore Press; 1s. 6d. net). It has all the style and all the sanity for which Dr. Jones is notable. This is the gist of it:

'Though we cannot make the immense assertion that conscience is absolutely infallible and a precise guide under any and every circumstance of life, it is nevertheless the surest moral authority within our reach—a voice to be implicitly obeyed in the crisis of an action. It is our highest guide. No command on earth can take precedence of it. Nothing more autonomous or more worthy of obedience can be discovered. But, even so, it must not be allowed to crystallise or to become a static, habitual moral form. The Pharisee, the inquisitor and the bigot are appalling illustrations of the dangers that beset the arrested, conformed conscience, even when it is honest. It needs constant re-examination and revision. The influences which re-make and re-vitalise it must have

no terminus. There must always be adjustments to new light, a healthy, living response to fresh truth, and a continual transformation of conscience in relation to the growing revelation of God. It must be under the watchful guardianship of the awakened and enlightened spirit. Conscience is, thus, like the mariner's chronometer. While he is in port he tests it by all the expedients known to the science of the clock-maker. He perceives and realises that it is subject to slight variations. But when he is at sea he implicitly trusts it, reckons it as reliable as the movements of Orion or Arcturus, and sails his ship by its pronouncements.'

Saying Nothing.

If the Rev. E. W. Shephard-Walwyn's children's sermons, in the volume entitled *The Starved Top-knot* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net), have a fault, it is that they are too long. But that is no fault for the other preacher, or for the reader. They are certainly alive and entertaining. One, for example, takes the word 'Watch' by its letters and discourses on watch your Words; watch your Actions, watch your Thoughts, watch your Companions, watch your Heart. Here is an anecdote:

'A kind-hearted German soldier named Fritz was marching with others through their first French village. A mother was standing in a doorway with her baby. One of the men rushed up with a hideous laugh and did something so horrible I couldn't possibly tell you of it. Fritz sobbed with rage and sorrow, but didn't rebuke the other. Next day he saw another act just as cruel. He shed a few tears, but said nothing. Next day he saw another cruel act, and he shed no tears. Next day another, and he smiled. Next day another and he laughed. Next day another, and who was it that did it? Yes, it was Fritz himself. His conscience made him sob with sorrow the first time, but the result of *saying nothing* to show his righteous anger was that his conscience gradually ceased to speak, until it gave him no more pain.'

SAYINGS.

It is to be observed that great speakers are now making a fashion of quoting (and sometimes originating) sententious sayings. Out of one volume, *World Brotherhood*, we have gathered these:

It is the task of the twentieth century to make the world a Brotherhood.

The unaccomplished mission of Christianity is to reconstruct society on the basis of Brotherhood.¹

It is not so important to believe there is a God as what kind of God He is.²

Christianity is not a competing religion, but a completing one.³

Humanity has struck its tents, and is once more on the march.⁴

Why should war always get the best out of mankind and peace always the poorest?⁵

Now, mark me well, it is inherent in the nature of things that from any fruition of success, however complete, shall come forth something that shall make a greater struggle necessary.⁶

Acts deserve acts, and not words, in their honour.⁷

Democracy means that you are responsible.⁸

No one can walk down the street without seeing that man is a fallen creature.⁹

NEW POETRY.

George Reston Malloch.

Among the poets of the War—whether raised up by it or only quickened into finer frenzy—a place is taken, and a good place, by George Reston Malloch. Of this his new volume entitled *Poems* is evidence enough (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net). It is a volume that in appearance is worthy of its unmistakable merit.

The War has been a philosophical puzzle to Mr. Malloch as to many. But psychologically it is well-pleasing. The men who did their part and died have made man greater than before:

What need to sing of war
To celebrate the dead?
Above our praise they are,
Their own great word is said.

And although there is more than the War in the volume, we choose one poem on the War for example, for the War is the most penetrating theme:

They fall on alien fields
Where far-off battles sway,
The man who loved to live
And chose the noble way:
The boy with steady eye,
Who showed his stubborn heroes how to die.

¹ Quoted by Rev. Tom Sykes from Hatch's *The Organization of the Early Christian Churches*.

² Quoted by Mr. Sykes from Sir G. A. Smith.

³ Rev. Tom Sykes.

⁴ Quoted by Mr. Lloyd George from General Smuts.

⁵ Mr. Lloyd George.

⁶ Quoted by Mr. Lloyd George from Walt Whitman.

⁷ Quoted by Mr. Lloyd George from Pericles' speech.

⁸ Miss Maude Royden.

⁹ Quoted by Canon de Candole from Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Blow from out the dark,
Soft wind, among the dead:
Breathe, thou living spring,
About each fallen head:
Tell them that through our tears
We see a lovelier flower than Nature wears.

H. Orsmond Anderton.

The best of the poems in Mr. H. Orsmond Anderton's *A Wayfarer's Verses* (Birmingham: Cornish; 6s. net) is that which is entitled 'The Human Sob.' But it is much too long for quotation. This short meditation will give a fair estimate of the book as a whole:

MOELWYN.

Range upon range the mountains bare their breasts
Unto the silent night:
The brooding veil of cloud upon them rests—
Above, the stars' pure light.

With all my various powers I bare my soul
Unto the heavens above:
Though lowering clouds of earth between us roll,
Beyond, is changeless love.

C. W. Scriven.

An extraordinary variety of metre is found in *The Listening Room*, by C. W. Scriven, Junior (Selwyn & Blount; 1s. 6d. net). Even in a single poem there is much variety. But the *vers libre* is the favourite. Take this Prayer as a good example:

A PRAYER.

Some broken lumps of marrèd Clay,
And Thou up there!
Come down and take Thy pitying Share
Of these poor broken Clods
Into Thy land.

For what they were, when they came from Thy
hand,
For all they tried to be,
For any little minute free from sin
Because they came from Thee,
Let them come in.

Because Life's Poison soiled a sparkling well,
Because they are, indeed, but fire-charred wood,
Because their Life is now an emptied shell,
Because they fell
Be Thou their Good.

E. C. Wingfield-Stratford.

The title of Mr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's volume is simply *India* (Liverpool: Books Limited; 6s. net). And it is enough.

In the book is an appreciation of India—the country, the people, the religion, even the gods—an appreciation most creditable to an army man. But Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is also a scholar. And yet, with all his appreciation of India, he has sometimes a touch of *Heimweh*. Read this :

THE CUCKOO AT PIPARIA.

Over the Karmic, baked monotony,
Hark love, the cuckoo,
Our English cuckoo,
Holloaing, flinging
Double joy across the fields—
Was it not English, was it not Kentish mirth
Vocal in the heart of Ind?
Did you not hear
Peal of blue-bells blown among the leaves?
Virgin leaves all whispering together?
Big Ryash Wood and Little Ryash Wood and
Moorlands?
And did we dream
Of war, and banishment, and hopeless plains?

Mary Fleming Labaree.

Nowhere has the horror of war been more tragically felt than in the fertile little plain of Urumia in Persia. Mary Fleming Labaree knew the place before the War and sang her songs of it, songs with local colour and the joy of life. The title is *Persian Pictures* (Revell). The War songs are a great contrast. Read 'The Winter Flight to Russia,' or, better yet, the dull despair in

TO-DAY.

Black is the eye,
Red is the cheek,
White is the soul
Of Shirin.
Fire is the heart,
Crimson the hand,
Dark is the soul
Of Mahmud.
Black is the sky,
Stony the trail,
Grey is the rain,
To-day.

Danford Barney.

Dr. Lawrence Mason of Yale has written a Foreword to Mr. Barney's new volume of poetry, the title of which is *Chords from Albireo* (John Lane; 7s. 6d. net). This is the significant part of what he says: 'Mr. Barney's poetry, then, is frankly the poetry of feeling, impression, or intuition, adumbrated by image and symbol, as contradistinguished from the poetry of the strictly intellectual processes, working as it were, or at least capable of being worked out, by a logical

diagram.' If that does not give understanding, then read this:

WOMAN'S SONG.

If we give thanks for any gain of war,
Let mine be only this,
Throughout the cloud there shone one instant star,
All that is mine was for a moment his.
If thanks be meet, let this fulfil my prayer,
One gleam of old lang syne,
That joy of earth and sea, the light and air,
Distilled in him were for a moment mine.
Now though he walk elsewhere nor come again,
My way is ever ours;
He shall be mine, unwitting, and my pain
Shadow new revelation of his powers.
Is that poetry? A little difficult just at first?
But how refreshing, and how capable of a second
reading and a third! Yes, that is poetry, and
there is more in this fine presentable volume.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

Mr. Studdert-Kennedy's *Peace Rhymes of a Padre* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. net) are similar to his 'Rough Rhymes.' This is an example:

INDIFFERENCE.

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him
on a tree,
They drave great nails through hands and feet
and made a Calvary.
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red
were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human
flesh was cheap.
When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply
passed Him by,
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let
Him die.
For men had grown more tender and they
would not give Him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and
left Him in the rain.
Still Jesus cried, 'Forgive them, for they know
not what they do,'
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched
Him through and through,
The crowds went home and left the streets
without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried
for Calvary.

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